F-46.103
P7515
1797

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB
B250

A

POCKET HYMN-BOOK,

JAN 2 1936

DESIGNED AS

A Constant Companion

FOR THE

PIOUS.

COLLECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

THE TWENTY-FIRST EDITION.

PSALM civ. 33.
I WILL SING UNTO THE LORD AS LONG AS I LIVE;
I WILL SING PRAISES UNTO MY GOD
WHILE I HAVE MY BEING.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY HENRY TUCKNISS, NO. 25, CHURCH-ALLEY,
AND SOLD BY JOHN DICKINS, NO. 50, NORTH-
SECOND-STREET, NEAR ARCH-STREET.

1797.

[*Price Half a Dollar.*]

TO THE

MEMBERS AND FRIENDS

OF THE

Methodiſt-Epiſcopal Church.

DEAR BRETHREN,

YOU are preſented with a choice and complete POCKET *HYMN-BOOK, containing a collection fitted for private devotion (when you would wiſh to ſpeak to yourſelves in Hymns and Spiritual Songs) as well as for family, ſocial, and public worſhip: and as we intend to keep a conſtant ſupply, the general cry of our congregations, "that they cannot procure Hymn-Books," will be ſtopped, and we truſt you will be much aſſiſted by the preſent publication, in the performance of theſe important parts of divine ſervice.*

The Hymn-Books which have been already publiſhed among us, are truly excellent. The Select Hymns, the double collection of Hymns and Pſalms, and the Redemption-Hymns, diſplay great ſpirituality, as well as purity of diction. The large Congregational Hymn-Book is admirable indeed, but is too expenſive for the poor, who have little time

and leſs money. The Pocket Hymn-Book lately ſent abroad in theſe States, is a moſt valuable performance for thoſe who are deeply ſpiritual, but is better ſuited to the European Methodiſts, among whom all the before-mentioned books have been thoroughly circulated for many years. But all the excellencies of the former publications are in a great meaſure concentred in the preſent, which contains the choiceſt and moſt precious of the Hymns that are to be found in the former editions; and at the ſame time is ſo portable, that you may always carry it with you without the leaſt inconvenience.

We are the more delighted with this deſign, as no perſonal advantage is concerned, but the public good alone. For after the neceſſary expenſes of printing and binding are diſcharged, we ſhall make it a noble charity by applying the profits ariſing therefrom, to religious and charitable purpoſes.

No motive of a ſiniſter nature has therefore influenced us in any degree to publiſh this excellent compilation. It has received the approbation of the Conferences, and contains many valuable Hymns which ſome of the former editions did not. As the profits of the former editions have been ſcrupulouſly applied as above, ſo the ſame appropriation of the profits of the preſent ſhall be conſcientiouſly obſerved. We muſt therefore earneſtly entreat you, if you have any reſpect for the authority of the Conference, or of us, or any regard for the proſperity of the Connection, to purchaſe no Hymn-Books, but what are ſigned with the names of your two Biſhops.

We exhort you to ſing with the Spirit, and with the underſtanding alſo: and thus may the high praiſes of GOD be ſet up from Eaſt to Weſt, from North to South; and we ſhall be happily inſtrumental in leading the devotion of thouſands, and ſhall rejoice to join you in time and eternity.

We are,

Dear Brethren,

Your faithful Paſtors in Chriſt,

Thomas Coke,

Francis Aſbury.

POCKET HYMN-BOOK.

AWAKENING AND INVITING.

HYMN I. C. M. *Leeds.*

1 O FOR a thouſand tongues to ſing
My dear Redeemer's praiſe!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Maſter and my God,
Aſſiſt me to proclaim,
To ſpread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.

3 Jeſus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our ſorrows ceaſe:
'Tis muſic in the ſinner's ears;
'Tis life and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd ſin,
He ſets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulеſt clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

5 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be ſav'd though faith alone,
Be juſtify'd by grace!

6 See all your ſins on Jeſus laid!
The Lamb of God was ſlain,
His ſoul was once an off'ring made,
For every ſoul of man.
7 With me your chief, ye then ſhall know,
Shall feel your ſins forgiv'n;
Anticipate your heav'n below,
And own that love is heaven.

HYMN II. *Epworth.*

1 COME, ye ſinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, ſick and ſore,
Jeſus ready ſtands to ſave you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh,
Without money
Come to Jeſus Chriſt and buy.
3 Let not conſcience make you linger,
Nor of fitneſs fondly dream:
All the fitneſs he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden'd,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jeſus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker proſtrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finiſh'd!"
Sinners, will not this ſuffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God aſcending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other truſt intrude;
None but Jeſus
Can do helpleſs ſinners good.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praiſes of the Lamb,
While the bliſsful ſeats of heav'n,
Sweetly echo with his name,
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the ſame.

HYMN III. L. M. *Invitation.*

1 COME, ſinners, to the goſpel-feaſt;
Let every ſoul be Jeſu's gueſt;
Ye need not one be left behind;
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all;
Come all the world! come, ſinner, thou!
All things in Chriſt are ready now.

3 Come, all ye ſouls by ſin oppreſs'd,
Ye reſtleſs wand'rers after reſt;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Chriſt a hearty welcome find.

4 My meſſage as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Chriſt and live;
O let his love your hearts conſtrain,
Nor ſuffer him to die in vain!

5 His love is mighty to compel:
His conq'ring love conſent to feel;
Yield to his love's reſiſtleſs power,
And fight againſt your God no more.

6 See him ſet forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding ſacrifice!
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be ſav'd by grace!

7 This is the time; no more delay!
This is the acceptable day:
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him who dy'd for all!

HYMN IV. *Foundery.*

Why will ye die? O houſe of Iſrael!
Ezek. xviii. 31.

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, aſks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himſelf to live;
He the fatal cauſe demands,
Aſks the work of his own hands;
Why, ye thankleſs creatures, why,
Will ye croſs his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, aſks you why:
God, who did your ſouls retrieve,
Dy'd himſelf, that you might live.

Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ranſom'd ſinners, why,
Will you ſlight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, aſks you why,
He, who all your lives hath ſtrove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will you not the grace receive?
Will you ſtill refuſe to live?
Why, ye long-ſought ſinners, why,
Will you grieve your God, and die?

4 Dead, already dead within,
Spiritually dead in ſin,
Dead to God, while here you breathe,
Pant you after ſecond death?
Will you ſtill in ſin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O, ye dying ſinners, why,
Why will you for ever die?

HYMN V. L. M. *Invitation.*

1 SINNERS, obey the goſpel word!
Haſte to the ſupper of my Lord;
Be wiſe to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiſs his late-returning ſon;
Ready your loving Saviour ſtands,
And ſpreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love
Juſt now the ſtony to remove;

T' apply and witneſs with the blood,
And waſh and ſeal the ſons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your bleſt eſtate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Are ready with their ſhining hoſt:
All heav'n is ready to reſound,
"The dead's alive! the loſt is found!"

6 Come then, ye ſinners, to your Lord,
In Chriſt to paradiſe reſtor'd:
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of goſpel grace.

HYMN VI. *Fetter-Lane.*

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the ſhameful tree;
How vaſt the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature ſhakes,
And earth's ſtrong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in ſunder breaks,
The ſolid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ranſom's paid,
"Receive my ſoul!" he cries;
See, where he bows his ſacred head!
He bows his head and dies!

4 But ſoon he'll break death's envious chains
And in full glory ſhine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

HYMN VII. *Welsh.*

1 O Love divine! what hast thou done!
Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd:
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.
2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say was ever grief like his!
Come feel with me his blood apply'd;
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.
3 Is crucify'd for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood:
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.
4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing think or speak beside,
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.

HYMN VIII. C. M.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As days and months increaſe;
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell,
Leaves but the number leſs.

3 The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'lling to the grave.

4 Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the ground,
To puſh us to the tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things!
Th' eternal ſtates of all the dead
Upon life's feeble ſtrings!

6 Infinite joy or endleſs wo,
Depends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowſy ſenſe,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our ſouls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found in God!

HYMN IX. C. M.

1 WHEN riſing from the bed of death
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker, face to face,
O how ſhall I appear!

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be ſought;

My ſoul with inward horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the thought!

3 When thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd
In majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in judgment on my ſoul,
O how ſhall I appear?

4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my ſins lament,
And early with repentant tears,
Eternal wo prevent.

5 Behold the ſorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
To give thoſe ſorrows weight.

6 For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair
Her pardon to ſecure,
Who knows thy only Son hath dy'd
To make that pardon ſure.

HYMN X. S. M.

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And muſt my trembling ſpirit fly
Into a world unknown?
A land of deepeſt ſhade,
Unpierc'd by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot.

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happineſs or wo
Muſt then my portion be!

Wak'd by the trumpet's ſound,
I from my grave muſt riſe,
And ſee the Judge with glory crown'd,
And ſee the flaming ſkies!

3 How ſhall I leave my tomb!
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curſe or bleſſing meet?
Will angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my ſoul away
To meet its ſentence there?

4 Who can reſolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breaſt?
Shall I be with the damn'd caſt out,
Or number'd with the bleſt?
I muſt from God be driv'n,
Or with my Saviour dwell:
Muſt come at his command to heav'n,
Or elſe depart to hell.

5 O thou that wouldſt not have
One wretched ſinner die,
Who dy'dſt thyſelf, my ſoul to ſave
From endleſs miſery!
Show me the way to ſhun
Thy dreadful wrath ſevere,
That when thou comeſt on thy throne
I may with joy appear.

6 Thou art thyſelf the way,
Thyſelf in me reveal;
So ſhall I ſpend my life's ſhort day
Obedient to thy will;

So ſhall I love my God,
Becauſe he firſt lov'd me,
And praiſe thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

HYMN XI. *Snowfield's.*

1 AND am I only born to die?
And muſt I ſuddenly comply
With nature's ſtern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celeſtial joys, or helliſh pains,
To all eternity.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the houſe of clay;
My ſole concern, my ſingle care,
To watch and tremble and prepare
Againſt that fatal day!

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life ſo ſoon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind muſt ſtand before
Th' inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's miſery or joy:
But oh! when both ſhall end,
Where ſhall I find my deſtin'd place?
Shall I my everlaſting days
With fiends or angels ſpend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may eſcape the death
That never, never dies?
How make my own election ſure,
And, when I fail on earth, ſecure
A manſion in the ſkies.

6 Jeſus vouchſafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happineſs!
Ah! write the pardon on my heart,
And whenſoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

HYMN XII. S. M.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whoſe bar ſevere,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all ſhall ſoon appear;
Our caution'd ſouls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And ſtir us up to pray;

2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown:
When rob'd in majeſty and pow'r
Thou ſhalt from heaven come down:
Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increaſe our gracious fears,

For ever let the archangel's voice
Be ſounding in our ears,
The ſolemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the judge is come,
"Ariſe, and meet him in the ſky,
"And meet your inſtant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's ſound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus enſure
A lot among the bleſt,
And watch a moment to ſecure
An everlaſting reſt!

HYMN XIII. L. M.

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge ſevere:
The ſeventh trumpet ſpeaks him near,
His lightnings flaſh, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful ſoul!

2 From heav'n angelic voices ſound,
See the almighty Jeſus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Deſcending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout all the people of the ſky,
And all the ſaints of the Moſt High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

HYMN XIV. *Epworth.*

1 LO! he comes with clouds deſcending,
Once for favour'd ſinners ſlain!
Thouſand thouſand ſaints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train,
Hallelujah!
God appears with man to reign.

2 Ev'ry eye ſhall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majeſty;
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Meſſiah ſee.

3 The dear tokens of his paſſion
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cauſe of endleſs exultation
To his ranſom'd worſhippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on thoſe glorious ſcars!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
Jah! Jehovah!
Everlaſting God, come down.

HYMN XV. *Trumpet-tune.*

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly ſolemn ſound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remoteſt bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home.

2 Jesus our great High priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mournful souls be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And sav'd from earth appear
Before your Saviour's face.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN XVI. C. M.

1 TERRIBLE thought! ſhall I alone,
Who may be ſav'd, ſhall I,
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through ſin for ever die.

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A bleſſing to receive.

3 Shall I amidſt a ghaſtly band,
Dragg'd to the judgment-ſeat,
Far on the left, with horror ſtand,
My fearful doom to meet!

4 While they enjoy their Saviour's love,
Muſt I in torments dwell?
And howl (while they ſing hymns above)
And blow the flames of hell?

5 Ah! no; I ſtill may turn and live,
For ſtill his wrath delays;
He now vouchſafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

6 I will accept his offers now,
From every ſin depart,
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

7 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jeſus given
Sure if with God on earth I live,
To live with God in heaven.

HYMN XVII. *Wood's.*

1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry:
A half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die!

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great bus'ness here;
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t' ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my ſoul receive
Tranſported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is ſweetly loſt in ſight,
And hope in full, ſupreme delight,
And everlaſting love.

PENITENTIAL.

HYMN XVIII. *Mourner's.*

1 FATHER of Lights, from whom proceed
Whate'er thy ev'ry creature needs;
Whoſe goodneſs, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry:
To thee I look, my heart prepare,
Suggeſt and hearken to my pray'r.
2 Since by thy light myſelf I ſee
Naked, and poor, and void of thee;
Thy eyes muſt all my thoughts ſurvey,
Preventing what my lips would ſay;
Thou ſeeſt my wants, for help they call,
And ere I ſpeak thou know'ſt them all.
3 Thou know'ſt the baſeneſs of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind:
Thou know'ſt how unſubdu'd my will,
Averſe to good, and prone to ill;
Thou know'ſt how wide my paſſions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.
4 Fain would I know as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I ſee;
Fain would I all my vileneſs own,
And deep beneath the burden groan:

Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Deteſt and loath myſelf and ſin.
Ah! give me, Lord, myſelf to feel,
My total miſery reveal;
Ah! give me, Lord (I ſtill would ſay)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
My buſineſs this, my only care,
My life, my ev'ry breath be pray'r,

HYMN XIX. S. M.

1 O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,
The rock in ſunder cleave!
Thou by the two-edg'd ſword,
My ſoul and ſpirit part,
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my ſtubborn heart.
2 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
The double grace beſtow,
Unlooſe the bands of wickedneſs,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my ſins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.
3 For thy own mercy's ſake
The curſed thing remove,
And into thy protection take
The priſoner of thy love;
In ev'ry trying hour
Stand by my feeble ſoul,
And ſcreen me from my nature's pow'r,
Till thou haſt made me whole.

4 This is thy will, I know,
That I ſhould holy be,
Should let my ſins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee:
O might I now embrace
Thy all-ſufficient pow'r,
And never more to ſin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

HYMN XX. *Calvary.*

1 JESU, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering ſheep;
Falſe to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep:
Let me be by grace reſtor'd,
On me be all long-ſuffering ſhown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

3 For thine own compaſſion's ſake,
The gracious wonder ſhow!
Caſt my ſins behind thy back,
And waſh me white as ſnow:
If thy bowels now are ſtirr'd,
If I now myſelf bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor ſuffer me to die!
Life, and happineſs, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

5 Look, as when thine eye purſu'd
The firſt apoſtate man,
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bade him riſe again:
Speak my paradiſe reſtor'd,
Redeem me by thy grace alone:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of ſtone.

6 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was clos'd that we might live;
"Father" (at the point to die,
My Saviour gaſp'd) "forgive!"
Surely with that dying word,
He turns and looks, and cries, "'tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'ſt my heart of ſtone.

HYMN XXI.

1 LET the world their beauties boaſt,
Their works of right'ouſneſs;
I, a wretch, undone and loſt,
Am freely ſav'd by grace;
Other title I diſclaim,
This, only this, is all my plea,
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus dy'd for me.

2 Happy they whoſe joys abound
Like Jordan's ſwelling ſtream,
Who their heav'n in Chriſt have found,
And give the praiſe to him:
Let them triumph in his name,
Enjoy their full felicity;
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus dy'd for me!

3 Bleſt are they, entirely bleſt,
Who can in him rejoice,
Lean on his beloved breaſt,
And hear the Bridegroom's voice;
Meaneſt follower of the Lamb,
His ſteps I at a diſtance ſee;
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus dy'd for me!

4 Jeſus thou for me haſt dy'd,
And thou in me ſhalt live;
I ſhall feel thy death apply'd,
I ſhall thy life receive;
To bring fire on earth thou came,
O that it now may kindled be!
I the chief of ſinners am,
But Jeſus dy'd for me!

HYMN XXII. C. M.

1 WITH glorious clouds encompaſt round
Whom angels dimly ſee,
Will the Unſearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forſake his throne above,
Himſelf to worms impart?
Anſwer, thou Man of Grief and Love,
And ſpeak it to my heart.

3 In manifeſted love explain
Thy wonderful deſign.
What meant the ſuff'ring Son of man?
The ſtreaming blood divine?

4 Didſt thou not in our fleſh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Come then, and to my ſoul reveal
The heights and depths of grace,
The wounds which all my ſorrows heal,
That dear disfigur'd face.

6 Before my eyes of faith confeſs'd,
Stand forth a ſlaughter'd Lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimſon veſt,
And tell me all thy name.

7 Jehovah in thy perſon ſhow,
Jehovah crucify'd!
And then the pard'ning God I know,
And feel the blood apply'd.

8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly ſee;
And gaze, tranſported at the ſight,
To all eternity.

HYMN XXIII. *Mourner's.*

1 JESU, if ſtill the ſame thou art,
If all thy promiſes are ſure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor:
To me be all thy treaſures giv'n,
The kingdom of an inward heav'n.

2 Thou haſt pronounc'd the mourners bleſt,
And lo! for thee I ever mourn:
I cannot, no, I will not reſt,
Till thou my only reſt return;
Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the bleſſedneſs beſtow'd
On all that hunger after thee?
I hunger now, I thirſt for God!
See, the poor fainting ſinner ſee,
And ſatisfy with endleſs peace,
And fill me with thy right'ouſneſs.

4 Ah, Lord? if thou art in that ſigh,
Then hear thyſelf within me pray;
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,
Mark what my lab'ring ſoul would ſay;
Anſwer the deep unutter'd groan,
And ſhew that thou and I are one.

5 Shine on thy work, diſperſe the gloom,
Light in thy light I then ſhall ſee;
Say to my ſoul, "Thy light is come,
"Glory divine is ris'n on thee:
"Thy warfare's paſt, thy mourning's o'er:
"Look up, for thou ſhalt weep no more."

6 Lord, I believe thy promiſe ſure,
And truſt thou wilt not long delay:
Hungry, and ſorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myſelf I ſtay:
Into thine hands my all reſign,
And wait till all thou art is mine.

HYMN XXIV. C. M.

1 JESUS, if ſtill thou art to-day
As yeſterday the ſame,
Preſent to heal, in me diſplay
The virtue of thy name.

2 If ſtill thou goeſt about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praiſe may ſhow,
Be all thy wonders ſhow'd.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathſome, and foul, and ſelf-abhorr'd,
I ſink beneath my ſin;
But if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

5 Thou ſeeſt me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord, my ear:
Bid me ſtretch out my wither'd hands,
And lift them up in pray'r.

6 Silent (alas! thou know'ſt how long)
My voice I cannot raiſe;
But O! when thou ſhalt looſe my tongue,
The dumb ſhall ſing thy praiſe.

7 Lame at the pool I ſtill am found:
Give and my ſtrength employ;
Light as a hart I then ſhall bound,
The lame ſhall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within;

The love of God I cannot ſee,
The ſinfulneſs of ſin.

9 But thou, they ſay art paſſing by,
O let me find thee near;
Jeſus, in mercy, hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear.

10 Long have I waited in the way
For thee the heav'nly light;
Command me to be brought, and ſay,
Sinner, receive thy ſight.

HYMN XXV. *Foundery.*

1 JESU, lover of my ſoul,
Let me to thy boſom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempeſt ſtill is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the ſtorm of life is paſt;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my ſoul at laſt!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpleſs ſoul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still ſupport and comfort me!
All my truſt on thee is ſtay'd,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceleſs head
With the ſhadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Chriſt, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find;
Raiſe the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the ſick, and lead the blind:

Juſt and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteouſneſs;
Falſe and full of ſin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my ſin:
Let the healing ſtreams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Riſe to all eternity.

HYMN XXVI. *Chapel.*

1 O LOVE divine, how ſweet thou art!
When ſhall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirſt, I faint, I die to prove
The greatneſs of redeeming love,
The love of Chriſt to me!

2 Stronger his love than death or hell:
Its riches are unſearchable:
The firſt born ſons of light
Deſire in vain its depths to ſee;
They cannot reach the myſtery,
The length, the breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were ſhed abroad
In this poor ſtony heart!
For love I ſigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever ſit
With Mary at the Maſter's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliſs,
My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

5 O that I could, with favour'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breaſt!
From car and ſin, and ſorrow free;
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlaſting reſt!

HYMN XXVII. S. M.

1 AH! whither ſhall I go,
Burden'd, and ſick and faint?
To whom ſhould I my trouble ſhow,
And pour out my complaint!
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary ſinner home,
And yet from him I ſtay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Poſſeſſion of my heart?
Some curſed thing unknown
Muſt ſurely lurk within;
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some ſecret, boſom ſin.

3 Jeſu, the hind'rance ſhow,
Which I have fear'd to ſee;

Yet let me now conſent to know
What keeps me out of thee.
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying pow'r diſplay:
Into its darkeſt corners ſhine,
And take the veil away.
4 I now believe, in thee
Compaſſion reigns alone:
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldſt fain remove;
Remove it, and I ſhall declare
That God is only love.

HYMN XXVIII. *112th Pſalm.*

1 FATHER of Jeſus Chriſt the juſt,
My Friend and Advocate with thee,
Pity a ſoul that fain would truſt
In him who liv'd and dy'd for me;
But only thou can'ſt make him known
And in my heart reveal thy Son.
2 If, drawn by thine alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel,
Show me in Chriſt thy ſmiling face,
What fleſh and blood can ne'er reveal;
Thy co-eternal Son diſplay,
And call my darkneſs into day.
3 The gift unſpeakable impart:
Command the light of faith to ſhine:
To ſhine in my dark drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine;
Now bid the new creation be!
O God, let there be faith in me.

HYMN XXIX. *Passion.*

1 O JESUS my hope,
For me offer'd up,
Who with clamour purſu'd thee to Calvary's top:
The blood thou haſt ſhed,
For me let it plead,
And declare thou haſt dy'd in thy murderer's ſtead.

2 Now, now let me know
Its virtue below;
Let it waſh me, and I ſhall be whiter than ſnow.
Let it hallow my heart,
And throughly convert,
And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.

3 Each moment apply'd,
My weakneſs to hide,
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide:
My advocate prove
With the Father above,
And ſpeak me at laſt to the throne of thy love.

HYMN XXX. *Shepherd of Iſrael.*

1 COME, holy celeſtial Dove,
To viſit a ſorrowful breaſt,
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me aſſurance and reſt:
Thou only haſt power to relieve
A ſinner o'erwhelm'd with his load:
The ſenſe of acceptance to give,
And ſprinkle his heart with thy blood.

2 With me if of old thou haſt ſtrove,
And ſtrangely withheld from my ſin,
And try'd, by the lure of thy love,
My worthleſs affections to win;
The work of thy mercy revive:
Thy uttermoſt mercy exert;
And kindly continue to ſtrive,
And hold till I yield thee my heart.

3 Thy call, if I ever have known,
And ſigh'd from myſelf to get free,
And groan'd the unſpeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in thee;
Fulfil the imperfect deſire,
Thy peace to my conſcience reveal,
The ſenſe of thy favour inſpire,
And give me my pardon to feel.

4 If when I had put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy pity hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd:
Moſt pityful Spirit of grace,
Relieve me again and reſtore:
My ſpirit in holineſs raiſe,
To fall and to ſuffer no more.

5 If now I lament after God,
And gaſp for a drop of thy love;
If Jeſus hath bought thee with blood,
For me to receive from above;
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
True witneſs of mercy divine,
And make me thy permanent home,
And ſeal me eternally thine!

HYMN XXXI. L. M.

1 STAY, thou inſulted Spirit, ſtay,
Tho' I have done thee ſuch deſpite;
Nor caſt the ſinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlaſting flight.

2 Though I have moſt unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd,
Ten thouſand times thy goodneſs ſeen,
Ten thouſand times thy goodneſs griev'd.

3 Yet, O! the chief of ſinners ſpare,
In honour of my great High-Prieſt,
Nor in thy righteous anger ſwear
T' exclude me from thy people's reſt.

4 If yet thou canſt my ſins forgive,
From now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into thy reſt of love receive,
And bleſs me with the calm repoſe.

5 From now my weary ſoul releaſe,
Up-raiſe me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN XXXII. *Cary*'s.

1 WEARY of wand'ring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod:
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace;
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms, and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more!
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of pray'r.

4 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin!
A godly fear of sin impart;
Impart and root it deep within!
That I may dread thy gracious pow'r,
And never dare t' offend thee more.

HYMN XXXIII. *Hamilton.*

1 TO the haven of thy breast,
O Son of man, I fly,
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O the storm is high!
Save me from the furious blast,
A covert from the tempest be;
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water spring
To a dry barren place;
O descend on me and bring
The sweet refreshing grace;

O'er a parch'd and weary land
As a great rock extends its ſhade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
And ſcreen my naked head.

3 In the time of my diſtreſs
Thou haſt my ſuccour been;
In my utter helpleſſneſs
Reſtraining me from ſin:
O how ſwiftly didſt thou move
To ſave me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And ſhield me with thy pow'r.

4 Firſt and laſt, in me perform
The work thou haſt begun;
Be my ſhelter from the ſtorm,
My ſhadow from the ſun:
Let me hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory ſee,
Till the ſprinkling of thy blood
Shall ſpeak me up to thee.

HYMN XXXIV. L. M.

1 O THOU that hear'ſt when ſinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my ſoul averſe to ſin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy preſence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Caſt out and baniſh'd from thy ſight;

Thy ſaving ſtrength, O Lord, reſtore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort ſtill afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 My ſoul lies humbled in the duſt,
And owns thy dreadful ſentence juſt;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And ſave the ſoul condemned to die.

6 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners ſhall learn thy ſov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they ſhall praiſe a pard'ning God.

7 O may thy love inſpire my tongue,
Salvation ſhall be all my ſong;
And all my pow'rs ſhall join to bleſs
The Lord my ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

HYMN XXXV. C. M.

1 O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life, that I might live
A life conceal'd in him.

2 O that I could the bleſſing prove,
My heart's extreme deſire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire.

3 Mercy I aſk to ſeal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,

I may from ev'ry evil ceaſe,
And never grieve thee more!

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
Ev'n now my ſins remove,
And ſet my ſoul at liberty,
By thy victorious love.

5 In anſwer to ten thouſand pray'rs,
Thou pard'ning God, deſcend;
Number me with ſalvation's heirs,
My ſins and troubles end.

6 Nothing I aſk, or want beſide,
Of all in earth or heaven;
But let me feel thy blood apply'd,
And live and die forgiv'n.

HYMN XXXVI. *Foundery.*

1 DROOPING ſoul, ſhake off thy fears;
Fearful ſoul, be ſtrong, be bold;
Tarry till the Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold:
Murmur not at his delay,
Dare not ſet thy God a time,
Calmly for his coming ſtay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Fainting ſoul, be bold, be ſtrong,
Wait the leiſure of thy Lord;
Though it ſeem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his word!
On his word my ſoul I caſt,
(He cannot himſelf deny)
Surely it ſhall ſpeak at laſt;
It ſhall ſpeak, and ſhall not lie.

3 Ev'ry one that ſeeks ſhall find:
Ev'ry one that aſks ſhall have;
Chriſt, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able all to ſave:
I ſhall his ſalvation ſee,
I in faith on Jeſus call,
I from ſin ſhall be ſet free,
Perfectly ſet free from all.

4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
Weak and helpleſs as I am,
Surely thou canſt make me ſtand;
I believe in Jeſu's name:
Saviour, in temptation thou,
Thou haſt ſav'd me heretofore,
Thou from ſin doſt ſave me now;
Thou ſhalt ſave me evermore.

HYMN XXXVII. C. M.

1 WHY ſhould the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great comforter deſcend, and bring
The tokens of thy grace!

2 Doſt thou not dwell in all thy ſaints,
And ſeal the heirs of heav'n!
When wilt thou baniſh my complaints,
And ſhew my ſins forgiv'n?

3 Aſſure my conſcience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witneſs with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earneſt of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy bleſt wings, celeſtial dove,
Safely convey me home.

HYMN XXXVIII. C. M.

1 MY drowſy pow'rs, why ſleep ye ſo?
Awake, my ſluggiſh ſoul!
Nothing hath half thy work to do;
Yet nothing's half ſo dull.

2 Go to the ants: for one poor grain
See how they toil and ſtrive;
Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We for whoſe ſake all nature ſtands,
And ſtars their courſes move:
We for whoſe guards the angel-bands
Come flying from above.

4 We for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careleſs to ſecure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord ſhall we live ſo ſluggiſh ſtill,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy dove from th' heav'nly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous ſouls to riſe,
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

PETITION.

HYMN XXXIX. *Arne.*

1 HAPPY ſoul, that free from harms,
Reſts within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet ſhall moleſt?
Who ſhall violate his reſt?
Jeſus doth his ſpirit bear,
Jeſus takes his ev'ry care;
He who found the wand'ring ſheep,
Jeſus ſtill delights to keep.

2 O that I might ſo believe,
Steadfaſtly to Jeſus cleave;
On his only love rely,
Smile at the deſtroyer nigh;
Free from ſin and ſervile fear,
Have my Jeſus ever near;
All his care rejoice to prove;
All his paradiſe of love.

3 Jeſus, ſeek thy wand'ring ſheep,
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on thee my ev'ry care;
Bear me, on thy boſom bear;
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of thee receive,
Ever in thy Spirit live:

4 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect through my Lord below;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gather'd to the fold above:

O that I at laſt may ſtand
With the ſheep at thy right hand;
Take the crown ſo freely giv'n:
Enter in by thee to heaven.

HYMN XL. *Amſterdam.*

1 MAKER, Saviour of mankind,
Who haſt on me beſtow'd
An immortal ſoul, deſign'd
To be the houſe of God:
Come, and now reſide in me,
Never, never to remove,
Make me juſt, and good, like thee,
And full of pow'r and love.

2 Bid me in thy image riſe,
A ſaint, a creature new;
True, and merciful, and wiſe,
And pure, and happy too.
This thy primitive deſign,
That I ſhould in thee be bleſt;
Should within thy arms divine
For ever, ever reſt.

3 Let thy will in me be done;
Fulfil my heart's deſire,
Thee to know, and love alone,
And riſe in raptures higher:
Thee deſcending on a cloud
When with raviſh'd eyes I ſee;
Then ſhall I be fill'd with God
To all eternity!

HYMN XLI. *Hamilton.*

1 GOD of my ſalvation hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy bleſſing to receive:
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

2 Standing now as newly ſlain,
To thee I lift mine eye,
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh:
Now as yeſterday, the ſame
Thou art, and wilt for ever be:
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty ſend me not away,
For I, thou know'ſt, am poor;
Duſt and aſhes is my name,
My all is ſin and miſery:
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to buy thy grace;
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace;
Coming, as at firſt I came,
To take, and not beſtow on thee;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

5 Saviour, from thy wounded ſide
I never will depart,
Here will I my ſpirit hide,
When I am pure in heart:
Till my place above I claim,
This only ſhall be all my plea,
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

HYMN XLII. *Chapel.*

1 COME, Lord, and help me to rejoice,
In hope that I ſhall hear thy voice,
Shall one day ſee my God;
Shall ceaſe from all my ſin and ſtrife,
Handle and taſte the word of life,
And feel the ſprinkled blood.

2 I ſhall not always make my moan,
Nor worſhip thee a God unknown,
But I ſhall live to prove
Thy people's reſt and ſaints' delight,
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of thy redeeming love.

3 Rejoicing now in earneſt hope,
I ſtand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey riſe,
And all the fruit of paradiſe
In endleſs plenty grow:

5 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar ſmile,
With ev'ry bleſſing bleſt;
There dwells the Lord, our righteouſneſs,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlaſting reſt.

5 O that I might at once go up,
No more on this ſide Jordan ſtop,
But now the land poſſeſs;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and ſins, and doubts, and fears,
An howling wilderneſs!

6 Now, O my Joſhua, bring me in,
Caſt out thy foes, the inbred ſin,
The carnal mind remove;
The purchaſe of thy death divide,
And O, with all the ſanctify'd,
Give me a lot of love!

HYMN XLIII. *Brockmer.*

1 GOD of all grace and majeſty,
Supremely great and good,
If I have mercy found with thee,
Through the atoning blood;
The guard of all thy mercies give
And to my pardon join
A fear, leſt I ſhould ever grieve
Thy gracious Spir't divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
May I obedient prove,
Nor e'er abuſe my liberty,
Or ſin againſt thy love:
This choiceſt fruit of faith beſtow
On a poor ſojourner;
And let me paſs my days below,
In humbleneſs and fear.

3 Still may I walk as in thy ſight,
My ſtrict obſerver ſee;
And thou by rev'rent love unite
My child like heart to thee:
Still let me, till my days are paſt,
At Jeſu's feet abide;
So ſhall he lift me up at laſt,
And ſeat me by his ſide.

HYMN XLIV. C. M.

1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous godly fear,
A ſenſibility of ſin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 That I from thee no more may part;
No more thy goodneſs grieve,
The filial awe, the fleſhly heart,
The tender conſcience give.

3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conſcience make,
Awake my ſoul when ſin is nigh,
And keep it ſtill awake.

4 If to the right or left I ſtray,
That moment, Lord, reprove:
And let me weep my life away,
For having griev'd thy love.

5 O may the leaſt omiſſion pain
My well-inſtructed ſoul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

HYMN XLV. *Norwich.*

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy ſhining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradiſe when thou art here,
If thou depart 'tis hell.

3 The ſmilings of thy face
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to reſt in thine embrace,
And no where elſe but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliſs;
They ſit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jeſus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place;
If God his reſidence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the ſky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy preſence, Lord.

7 Thou art the ſea of love,
Where all my pleaſures roll;
The circle where my paſſions move,
And centre of my ſoul.

2 To thee my ſpirits fly
With infinite deſire:
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jeſus, raiſe me higher.

HYMN XLVI.

1 JESUS, come, thou hope of glory,
Purify me, that I
May with ſaints adore thee.
2 Big with earneſt expectation,
Still I ſit at thy feet,
Longing for ſalvation.
3 My poor heart vouchſafe to dwell in,
Make me thine, Love divine,
By thy Spirit's ſealing.
4 Thou haſt laid the ſure foundation
Of my hope, build me up;
Finiſh thy creation.
5 From this inbred ſin deliver;
Let the yoke now be broke,
Make me thine for ever.
6 Partner of thy perfect nature,
Let me be, now in thee,
A new ſpotleſs creature.
7 Perfect when I walk before thee,
Soon or late, then tranſlate
To the realms of glory.

HYMN XLVII. L. M.

1 I Thirſt, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To waſh me in thy cleanſing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is ſweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee!
Seal thou my breaſt, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How bleſt are they who ſtill abide
Cloſe ſhelter'd in thy bleeding ſide!
Who life and ſtrength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but ſin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe:
Thou giv'ſt the pow'r thy grace to move,
O wond'rous grace! O boundleſs love!

5 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou ſhould'ſt us to glory bring;
Make ſlaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are loſt, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beſide,
"My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd."

7 Ah! Lord, enlarge our ſcanty thought,
To know the wonders thou haſt wrought;
Unlooſe our ſtamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immenſe, unſearchable!

8 Firſt born of many brethren thou,
To thee, lo! all our ſouls we bow;
To thee our hearts and hands we give;
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

HYMN XLVIII. *Irene.*

1 SAVIOUR! the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like thine?
Thou my pain, my curse hast took,
All my sins were laid on thee;
Help me, Lord, to thee I look;
Draw me, Saviour, after thee.

2 To love is all my wish,
I only live for this,
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
There by faith for e'er to dwell:
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee to feel.

3 Thy pow'r I pant to prove,
Rooted and fix'd in love:
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
Wise to fathom things divine,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine.

4 Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy saints below;
Swells my soul to compass thee;
Gasps in thee to live and move;
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immers'd and lost in love!

HYMN XLIX. C. M.

1 JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore,
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the outcaſts in, and ſave
From ſin and Satan's pow'r!
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of ſouls, thou know'ſt to prize
What thou haſt bought ſo dear:
Come then, and in thy people's eyes,
With all thy wounds appear!

4 Appear, as when of old confeſt
The ſuff'ring Son of God;
And let them ſee thee in thy veſt
But newly dipt in blood.

5 The ſtony from their hearts remove,
Thou, who for all haſt dy'd;
Shew them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy ſide!

6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree,
To trample down their ſin:
Thy hands they all ſtretch'd out may ſee,
To take thy murd'rers in.

7 Thy ſide an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living ſtreams of bliſs,
And waſh them white as ſnow.

8 Ready thou art the blood to apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to ſinners cry,
"I ſuffer'd this for you!"

HYMN L. C. M.

1 O God! our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Our ſhelter from the ſtormy blaſt,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the ſhadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell ſecure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is ſure.

3 Before the hills in order ſtood;
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlaſting thou art God,
To endleſs years the ſame.

4 A thouſand ages in thy ſight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the riſing ſun.

5 The buſy tribes of fleſh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And loſt in following years.

6 Time like an ever-rolling ſtream,
Bears all its ſons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

7 O God! our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come:
Be thou our guard while life ſhall laſt,
And our perpetual home.

HYMN LI. *New-year's day.*

1 COME let us anew
Our journey purſue,
Roll round with the year,
And never ſtand ſtill till the maſter appear.
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life as a dream,
Our time as a ſtream
Glides ſwiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuſes to ſtay.
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
The millenial year
Ruſhes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day
Of his coming may ſay,
"I have fought my way through,
I have finiſh'd the work thou didſt give me to do."
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and ſit down on my throne."

HYMN LII. *23d Pſalm.*

1 LEADER of faithful ſouls, and guide.
Of all that travel to the ſky,
Come and with us, ev'n us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our ſpirits ſtay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place,
And haſten through the vale of woe,
And reſtleſs to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlaſting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But ſeek a city out of ſight;
Thither our ſteady courſe we ſteer,
Aſpiring to the plains of light,
Jeruſalem, the ſaints' abode,
Whoſe founder is the living God.

4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
This weary world we caſt behind,
From ſtrength to ſtrength we travel on,
The new Jeruſalem to find:
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the new Jeruſalem.

5 Thro' thee, who all our ſins haſt borne,
Freely and graciouſly forgiv'n,
With ſongs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heav'n;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we ſing.

6 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with ſtrength renew'd;
The church of the firſt-born to join,
To travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads to riſe,
And meet our Saviour in the ſkies.

HYMN LIII. *Kingswood.*

1 SON of God, if thy free grace
Again hath rais'd me up,
Call'd me ſtill to ſeek thy face,
And giv'n me back my hope;
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving kindneſs ſhow:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

2 By me, O my Saviour, ſtand
In ſore temptation's hour!
Save me with thine out-ſtretch'd hand,
And ſhew forth all thy pow'r:
O be mindful of thy word,
Thy all ſufficient grace beſtow:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart,
That I may from evil near,
With ſpeedy care depart:
Sin be more than hell abhorr'd,
Till thou deſtroy the tyrant foe:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

4 Never let me leave thy breaſt,
From thee, my Saviour, ſtray;
Thou art my ſupport and reſt,
My true and living way:
My exceeding great reward,
In heav'n above, and earth below;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

HYMN LIV. *Kingswood.*

1 LORD! and is thine anger gone!
And art thou pacify'd?
After all that I have done,
Doſt thou no longer chide?
Infinite thy mercies are;
Beneath the weight I cannot move;
O 'tis more than I can bear,
The ſenſe of pard'ning love!

2 Let it ſtill my heart conſtrain,
And all my paſſions ſway;
Keep me leſt I turn again
Out of the narrow way;
Force my vi'lence to be ſtill,
And captivate my every thought;
Charm, and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to nought.

3 If I have begun once more
Thy ſweet return to feel;
If even now I find thy pow'r
Preſent my ſoul to heal;
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor ſtruggle out of thine embrace;
Never more reſiſt, or fly
From thy purſuing grace.

4 To the croſs, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love:
Freedom let me never find
From my dear Lord to move;
That I never, never more
May with my much lov'd Maſter part,
To the poſts of mercy's door,
O nail my willing heart.

5 See my utter helpleſſneſs,
And leave me not alone,
O preſerve in perfect peace,
And ſeal me for thine own!
More and more thyſelf reveal,
Thy preſence let me always find;
Comfort, and confirm, and heal,
My feeble, ſin-ſick mind.

6 As the apple of an eye,
Thy weakeſt ſervant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep:
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have an hope of heaven;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiv'n.

HYMN LV. *Birmingham.*

1 THEE will I love, my ſtrength, my tow'r,
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love with all my pow'r,
In all my works, and thee alone.
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole ſoul with chaſte deſire.

2 Ah! why did I ſo late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the ſons of men!
Ah! why did I no ſooner go
To thee, the only eaſe in pain?
Aſham'd I ſigh and inly mourn,
That I ſo late to thee did turn.

3 In darkneſs willingly I ſtray'd;
I ſought thee, yet from thee I rov'd;

Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were ſpread,
Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd;
And now if more at length I ſee,
'Tis thro' thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have ſhin'd;
I thank thee, who haſt overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind:
I thank thee, whoſe enliv'ning voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor ſuffer me again to ſtray;
Strengthen my feet with ſteady pace,
Still to preſs forward in the way;
My ſoul and fleſh, O Lord of might,
Fill, ſatiate with thy heavenly light.

HYMN LVI. C. M.

1 INFINITE, unexhauſted love!
Jeſus and love are one;
If ſtill to me thy bowels move,
They are reſtrain'd to none.

2 What ſhall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praiſe?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of ſov'reign grace?

3 Thy ſov'reign grace to all extends,
Immenſe and unconfin'd;
From age to age it never ends,
It reaches all mankind.

4 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity:

So wide it never pafs'd by one,
Or it had pafs'd by me.

5 My trefpafs was grown up to heav'n;
But far above the fkies,
In Chrift abundantly forgiv'n,
I fee thy mercies rife!

6 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel-tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmoft prove
The gift unfpeakable!

7 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Poffeffion of thine own!
My longing heart vouchfafe to make
Thine everlafting throne!

8 Affert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above;
And fink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

HYMN LVII. *Zion.*

1 ALL glory to God in the fky,
And peace upon earth be reftor'd;
O Jefus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didft ftoop to redeem a loft race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

2 When thou in our flefh didft appear,
All nature acknowledg'd thy birth;
Arofe the acceptable year,
And heaven was open'd on earth;

Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bleſs
The Giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of Peace.

3 O wouldſt thou again be made known,
Again in the Spirit deſcend,
And ſet up in each of thine own,
A kingdom that never ſhall end.
Thou only art able to bleſs,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity ceaſe,
And bow the whole world to thy ſway.

4 Come then to thy ſervants again,
Who long thy appearance to know;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign,
In mercy eſtabliſh below;
All ſorrow before thee ſhall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er,
And envy and malice ſhall die,
And diſcord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarum of war
Shall break our eternal repoſe;
No ſound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jeſu's Spirit o'erflows:
Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,
We all ſhall in amity join,
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a paſſion like thine.

HYMN LVIII. C. M.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One God in perſons three,
Bring back the heav'nly bleſſing loſt
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favour, and thy nature too,
To me, to all reſtore;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep me evermore.
3 Eternal Sun of Righteouſneſs,
Diſplay thy beams divine,
And cauſe the glories of thy face,
Upon my heart to ſhine.
4 Light in thy light, O may I ſee,
Thy grace and mercy prove!
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and bleſt by thee,
The God of pard'ning love!
5 Lift up thy countenance ſerene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconcil'd!
6 That all-compriſing peace beſtow
On me through grace forgiv'n;
The joys of holineſs below,
And then the joys of heav'n!

HYMN LIX. *Amſterdam.*

1 O ALMIGHTY God of love!
Thy holy arm diſplay,
Send me ſuccour from above,
In this my evil day;
Arm my weakneſs with thy pow'r,
Woman's ſeed appear within!
Be my ſafeguard and my tow'r,
Againſt the face of ſin.
2 Rock of my ſalvation, haſte,
Extend thy ample ſhade,

Let it over me be caſt,
And ſcreen my naked head ·
Save me from the trying hour;
Thou my ſure protection be:
Shelter me from Satan's power,
Till I am fix'd on thee.

3 Set upon thyſelf my feet,
And make me ſurely ſtand;
From temptations' rage and heat
Cover me with thine hand;
Let me in the cleft be plac'd;
Never from my fence remove:
In thine arms of love embrac'd,
Of everlaſting love.

HYMN LX. L. M.

1 COME, Saviour, Jeſu, from above!
Aſſiſt me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyſelf prepare the place.

2 O let thy ſacred preſence fill,
Aud ſet my longing ſpirit free!
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feaſt on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I purſue:
I'll bid this world of noiſe and ſhow,
With all its glittering ſnares, adieu.

4 That path with humble ſpeed I'll ſeek,
In which my Saviour's footſteps ſhine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I ſpeak
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul:
Possess it thou who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

HYMN LXI. *Palmi's.*

1 THE praying spirit breathe,
The watching pow'r impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart;
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress;
Appear and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thy own this moment seize,
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

HYMN LXII. *Brook's.*

1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted foll'wers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fi'ry trials laſt,
Long as the croſs we bear,
O let our ſouls on thee be caſt
In never ceaſing pray'r!

3 The ſpirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wreſtle till we ſee thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyſelf beſtow,
Be this the cry of ev'ry heart,
I will not let thee go.

5 I will not let thee go, unleſs
Thou tell thy name to me,
With all thy great ſalvation bleſs,
And make me all like thee.

6 Then let me on the mountain top,
Behold thy open face,
Where faith in ſight is ſwallow'd up,
And pray'r in endleſs praiſe.

HYMN LXIII. *Olney.*

1 JESU, my ſtrength, my hope,
On thee I caſt my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'ſt my pray'r;
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a ſober mind,
A ſelf renouncing will,

That tramples down, and caſts behind,
The baits of pleaſing ill:
A ſoul inur'd to pain,
To hardſhip, grief, and loſs;
Bold to take up, firm to ſuſtain,
The conſecrated croſs.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick diſcerning eye,
That looks to thee when ſin is near,
And ſees the tempter fly;
A ſpirit ſtill prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever ſtanding on its guard,
And watching unto pray'r.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never ceaſe,
Never to murmur at thy ſtay,
Or wiſh my ſuff'rings leſs.
This bleſſing above all—
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A ſingle, ſteady aim,
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name:
A jealous, juſt concern
For thine immortal praiſe;
A pure deſire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

6 I reſt upon thy word:
The promiſe is for me:

My ſuccour and ſalvation, Lord,
Shall ſurely come from thee,
But let me ſtill abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient ſpirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN LXIV. *Wood's.*

1 HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And ſtill my tempted ſoul ſtand by
Throughout the evil day;
The ſacred watchfulneſs impart,
And keep the iſſues of my heart,
And ſtir me up to pray.

2 My ſoul with thy whole armour arm,
In each approach of ſin, alarm
And ſhew the danger near;
Surround, ſuſtain, and ſtrengthen me,
And fill with godly jealouſy,
And ſanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careleſs hands hang down,
O let me ſee thy gath'ring frown,
And feel thy warning eye;
And ſtarting cry, from ruin's brink,
Save, Jeſus, or I yield, I ſink!
O ſave me, or I die!

4 If near the pit I raſhly ſtray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart;
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind upbraiding glance, which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmoſt mercy ſhow,
And make me like thyſelf below,
Unblamable in grace;
Ready prepar'd and fitted here,
By perfect holineſs t'appear
Before thy glorious face.

HYMN LXV. L. M.

1 JESU, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I caſt my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inſpire, and then accept my pray'r.

2 If I have taſted of thy grace,
The grace that ſure ſalvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit ſtays,
And hov'ring, hides me in his wings;

3 Still let him with my weakneſs ſtay,
Nor for a moment's ſpace depart:
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I ſtray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Chriſt thy way,
"Fly back to Chriſt, for ſin is near."

5 His ſacred unction from above
Be ſtill my comforter and guide;
Till all the ſtony he remove,
And in my loving heart reſide.

6 Jeſus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's ev'ry path retreat;
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And ſet upon the rock my feet.

7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand!
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I ſtand.

HYMN LXVI. S. M.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have;
A God to glorify;
A never-dying ſoul to ſave,
And fit it for the ſky;
To ſerve the preſent age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my pow'rs engage
To do my Maſter's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy ſight to live;
And O thy ſervant, Lord, prepare
A ſtrict account to give:
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyſelf rely;
Aſſur'd, if I my truſt betray,
I ſhall for ever die.

HYMN LXVII. *Snowfield's.*

1 BE it my only wiſdom here,
To ſerve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior ſenſe may I diſplay,
By ſhunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I ſtill from ſin depart;
A wiſe and underſtanding heart,
Jeſus, to me be giv'n!
And let me through thy Spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heav'n.

HYMN LXVIII. *Lamp's.*

1 GOD of almighty love,
By whoſe ſufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly ſeek thy face;
Thro' Jeſus Chriſt the juſt,
My faint deſire receive,
And let me in thy goodneſs truſt,
And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I ſay or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My off'rings all be offer'd through
The ever-bleſſed name.
Jeſu, my ſingle eye
Be fix'd on thee alone;
Thy name be prais'd on earth, on high!
Thy will by all be done.

3 Spirit of faith, inſpire
My conſecrated heart;
Fill me with pure celeſtial fire,
With all thou haſt and art;
My feeble mind transform,
And perfectly renew'd,
Into a ſaint exalt a worm:
A worm exalt to God!

HYMN LXIX. *Lamp's.*

1 THE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew;
My soul shall then like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And sanctify'd by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
Jesu, to me impart;
Thy Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly ev'ry moment draw
My happy soul to thee;
Soul of my soul remain,
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heav'nly Father's will.

HYMN LXX. C. M.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart reſign'd, ſubmiſſive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Chriſt is heard to ſpeak,
Where Jeſus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy tender heart is ſtill the ſame,
And melts at human woe:
Jeſu, for thee diſtreſs'd I am,
I want thy love to know.

6 My heart thou know'ſt, can never reſt,
Till thou create my peace;
Till of my Eden repoſſeſs'd,
From ev'ry ſin I ceaſe.

7 Fruit of thy gracious lips on me
Beſtow, that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white ſtone.

8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, beſt name of love.

HYMN LXXI. *112th Pſalm.*

1 THOU hidden love of God, whoſe height,
Whoſe depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I ſee from far thy beauteous light,
I only ſigh for thy repoſe:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At reſt, till it finds reſt in thee.

2 Thy ſecret voice invites me ſtill
The ſweetneſs of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would, but though my will
Seems fix'd, yet wide my paſſions rove;
Yet hindrances ſtrew all the way:
I aim at thee, yet from thee ſtray.

3 'Tis mercy all that thou haſt brought
My mind to ſeek her peace in thee!
Yet while I ſeek, and find thee not,
No peace my wand'ring ſoul ſhall ſee;
O when ſhall all my wand'rings end,
And all my ſteps to thee-ward tend?

4 Is there a thing beneath the ſun,
That ſtrives with thee my heart to ſhare!
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry motion there!
Then ſhall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repoſe in thee.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmoſt ſoul, and ſay,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taſte thy love, be all my choice.

HYMN LXXII. *Cardiff.*

1 YE happy ſinners, hear,
The pris'ners of the Lord,
And wait till Chriſt appear,
According to his word;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

2 The Lord our righteouſneſs
We have long ſince receiv'd;
Salvation nearer is
Than when we firſt believ'd;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

3 In God we put our truſt;
If we our ſins confeſs,
Faithful he is, and juſt,
From all unrighteouſneſs
To cleanſe us all, both you and me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

4 Surely in us the hope
Of glory ſhall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And ſee redemption near;
Again I ſay, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

5 Who Jeſu's ſuff'rings ſhare,
My fellow-pris'ners now,
Ye ſoon the wreath ſhall wear
On your triumphant brow;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

6 The word of God is ſure,
And never can remove,
We ſhall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

7 Then let us gladly bring
Our ſacrifice of praiſe,
Let us give thanks, and ſing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We ſhall from all our ſins be free.

HYMN LXXIII. C. M.

1 FOR ever here my reſt ſhall be,
Cloſe to thy bleeding ſide;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour dy'd!

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and ſin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanſe and keep me clean.

3 Waſh me, and make me thus thine own:
Waſh me, and mine thou art:
Waſh me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to ſight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my ſoul be love.

HYMN LXXIV. C. M.

1 JESU, my life, thyſelf apply,
Thy holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and ſin,
Still with the rebel ſtrive;
Enter my ſoul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive!

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may riſe.

4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes controul,
Who would not own thy ſway:
Diffuſe thine image through my ſoul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the laſt remains of ſin,
And ſeal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God.

HYMN LXXV. *Savannah.*

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, ſo let us be!

2 Jeſu, ſee my panting breaſt:
See I pant in thee to reſt!
Gladly would I now be clean:
Cleanſe me now from ev'ry ſin.

3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind;
To thy croſs my ſpirit bind;
Earthly paſſions far remove;
Swallow up my ſoul in love.

4 Duſt and aſhes though we be,
Full of guilt and miſery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchaſe of thy blood.

5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He th' atonement now receives:
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.

6 See, ye ſinners, ſee the flame
Riſing from the ſlaughter'd Lamb,
Mark the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day!

7 Jeſus, when this light we ſee,
All our ſoul's athirſt for thee;
When thy quick'ning pow'r we prove,
All our heart diſſolves in love.

8 Boundleſs wiſdom, pow'r divine,
Love unſpeakable are thine!
Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth, and hoſts of heav'n.

HYMN LXXVI. C. M.

1 JESU, thou art our King,
To me thy ſuccour bring:
Chriſt the mighty one art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid;
This is the word, I claim it now,
Send me now the promis'd aid.

2 High on thy Father's throne,
O look with pity down;
Help, O help! attend my call,
Captive lead captivity;
King of glory, Lord of all,
Chriſt, the Lord, be king to me.

3 I pant to feel thy ſway,
And only thee t' obey:
Thee my ſpirit graſps to meet;
This my one, my ceaſeleſs pray'r,
Make, O make my heart thy ſeat!
O ſet up thy kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,
And ſpread thy victory:
Hell, and death, and ſin controul,
Pride, and wrath, and ev'ry foe;
All ſubdue: through all my ſoul
Conqu'ring and to conquer go.

HYMN LXXVII. C. M.

1 LORD, I believe thy ev'ry word,
Thy ev'ry promiſe true:
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my ſtrength renew.

2 If in this feeble fleſh I may
Awhile ſhew forth thy praiſe,
Jeſu, ſupport the tott'ring clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If ſuch a worm as I can ſpread
The common Saviour's name,

Let him who rais'd thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to ſhow,
Which purges every ſtain;
And gladly linger out below,
A few more years in pain.

5 Spare me, till I my ſtrength of ſoul,
Till I thy love retrieve;
Till faith ſhall make my ſpirit whole,
And perfect ſoundneſs give.

6 For this in ſteadfaſt hope I wait,
Now Lord, my ſoul reſtore;
Now the new heav'ns and earth create,
And I ſhall ſin no more.

HYMN LXXVIII. *Weſtminſter.*

1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jeſu, thou art all compaſſion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art:
Viſit us with thy ſalvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving ſpirit
Into ev'ry troubled breaſt;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that ſecond reſt.
Take away our bent of ſinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always bleſſing,
Serve thee as thy hoſts above,
Pray, and praiſe thee without ceaſing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finiſh then thy new creation,
Pure and ſpotleſs let us be;
Let us ſee thy great ſalvation,
Perfectly reſtor'd in thee;
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place,
Till we caſt our crowns before thee,
Loſt in wonder, love, and praiſe!

HYMN LXXIX. L. M.

1 O THAT my load of ſin were gone!
O that I could at laſt ſubmit
At Jeſu's feet to lay it down!
To lay my ſoul at Jeſu's feet!

2 Reſt for my ſoul I long to find:
Saviour of all if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And ſtamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred ſin,
And fully ſet my ſpirit free,
I cannot reſt till pure within,
Till I am wholly loſt in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and eaſy burden prove,
The croſs all ſtain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would; but thou muſt give the pow'r;
My heart from ev'ry ſin releaſe;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping ſinner cheer!
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay!
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Saviour, come away!

HYMN LXXX. *Weſtminſter.*

1 LIGHT of life, ſeraphic fire,
Love divine, thyſelf impart,
Ev'ry fainting ſoul inſpire;
Shine in ev'ry drooping heart!
Ev'ry mournful ſinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom!
Son of God, appear, appear!
To thy human temples come.

2 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious pow'r,
Rooting out the ſeeds of ſin:
Nothing more can we require;
We will covet nothing leſs;
Be thou all our heart's deſire,
All our joy, and all our peace!

HYMN LXXXI. *Foundery.*

1 GOD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pard'ning love compell'd,
Up to thee our ſouls we raiſe,
Up to thee our bodies yield;
Thou our ſacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

2 Meet it is and juſt and right,
That we ſhould be wholly thine;
In thy only will unite,
In thy bleſſed ſervice join:
O that ev'ry work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art;
Holineſs unto the Lord
Still be wrote upon our heart!

HYMN LXXXII. C. M.

1 LET him to whom we now belong,
His ſov'reign right aſſert;
And take up ev'ry thankful ſong,
And ev'ry loving heart.

2 He juſtly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price!
The Chriſtian lives to Chriſt alone,
To Chriſt alone he dies.

3 Jeſus! thine own at laſt receive,
Fulfil our hearts' deſire;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cauſe expire.

4 Our ſouls and bodies we reſign;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine,
To all eternity.

HYMN LXXXIII. *112th Pſalm.*

1 BEHOLD the ſervant of the Lord!
I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
To hear and keep thy ev'ry word,
To prove and do thy perfect will;
Joyful from my own works to ceaſe,
Glad to fulfil all righteouſneſs.

2 Me, if thy grace vouchſafe to uſe,
Meaneſt of all thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner chuſe,
Let all my fruit be found of thee:
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
By thee to full perfection brought.

3 My ev'ry weak, though good deſign,
O'er-rule, or change, as ſeems thee meet
Jeſu, let all my work be thine!
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
And pleaſing in thy Father's ſight:
Thou only haſt done all things right,

4 Here then to thee thy own I leave,
Mould as thou wilt thy paſſive clay;
But let me all thy ſtamp receive,
But let me all thy words obey:
Serve with a ſingle heart and eye,
And to thy glory live and die.

HYMN LXXXIV. *Dedication.*

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celeſtial hoſt,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

2 If ſo poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions ſanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy ſervice, claim
All I have and all I am.

3 Take my ſoul and body's pow'rs;
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or ſpeak, or do;
Take my heart; but make it new!

4 Now, O God, thy own I am!
Now I give thee back thy own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Conſecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I;
Happier ſtill if thine I die!

5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celeſtial hoſt,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

HYMN LXXXV. S. M.

1 JESU, my truth, my way,
My ſure unerring light,
On thee my feeble ſteps I ſtay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My wiſdom and my guide,
My counſellor thou art:
O let me never leave thy ſide,
Or from thy paths depart.

3 I lift my eyes to thee,
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to ſhame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cauſe,
But reſt in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy croſs.

5 Teach me the happy art,
In all things to depend
On thee: O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end.

6 Still ſtir me up to ſtrive
With thee in ſtrength divine;
And ev'ry moment, Lord, revive
This fainting ſoul of mine:

7 Perſiſt to ſave my ſoul
Throughout the fi'ry hour,
Till I am ev'ry whit made whole,
And ſhew forth all thy pow'r.

8 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place;

And teach me the new ſong to ſing,
When perfected in grace!
9 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove:
Settle, confirm and ſtabliſh me,
And build me up in love.
10 Let me thy witneſs live,
When ſin is all deſtroy'd:
And then my ſpotleſs ſoul receive,
And take me home to God.

HYMN LXXXVI. *Brentford.*

1 LO, in thy hand I lay,
And wait thy will to prove,
My potter, ſtamp on me, thy clay,
Thy only ſtamp of love:
Be this my whole deſire,
I know that it is thine;
Then kindle in my ſoul a fire,
Which ſhall for ever ſhine.
2 Thy gracious readineſs
To ſave mankind aſſert:
Thy image, love, thy name impreſs,
Thy nature on my heart!
Bowels of mercy, hear,
Into my ſoul come down;
Let it throughout my life appear,
That I have Chriſt put on.
3 O plant in me thy mind!
O fix in me thy home!
So ſhall I cry to all mankind,
Come to the waters, come!

Jesus is full of grace:
To all his bowels move:
Behold in me, ye fallen race,
That God is only love!

HYMN LXXXVII. L. M.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest!
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father, and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, for thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Even life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yea, 't would a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from thee, Lord!

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

HYMN LXXXVIII. L. M.

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Waſh out its ſtains, refine its droſs,
Nail my affections to the croſs!
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darkſome wild I ſtray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou my God, art near.

4 When riſing floods my ſoul o'erflow,
When ſinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jeſus, thy timely aid impart,
And raiſe my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy ſteps I ſee,
Dauntleſs, untir'd I follow thee;
O let thy hand ſupport me ſtill,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My ſtrength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain ſhall ceaſe,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

HYMN LXXXIX. L. M.

1 JESUS, thou everlaſting king,
Accept the tribute which we bring,
Accept thy well-deſerv'd renown,
And wear our praiſes as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worſhip be
Like our eſpouſals, Lord, to thee:
Like the bleſt hour, when from above
We firſt received the pledge of love.

3 The gladneſs of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever ſtay!
Nor let our faith forſake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!

4 Each following minute as it flies,
Increaſe thy praiſe, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to ſing thy name,
At the great ſupper of the Lamb.

HYMN XC. *Paſſion.*

1 COME, Lord, from above,
The mountains remove,
O'erturn all that hinders the courſe of thy love:
My boſom inſpire,
Inkindle the fire,
And wrap my whole ſoul in the flames of deſire.

2 I languiſh and pine
For the comfort divine,
O when ſhall I ſay, "my beloved is mine,
"I have choſe the good part,
"My portion thou art, [heart,"
"O love, I have found thee, O God in my

3 For this my heart ſighs,
Nothing elſe can ſuffice; [price?
How, Lord, can I purchaſe the pearl of great
It cannot be bought,
And thou know'ſt I have nought,
Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.

4 But I hear a voice ſay,
Without money you may
Receive it, whoever hath nothing to pay;

Who on Jesus relies,
Without money or price,
The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys.
5 The blessing is free,
So, Lord, let it be:
I yield that thy love should be given to me.
I freely receive
What thou freely dost give,
And consent in thy love, in thine Eden to live.
6 The gift I embrace,
The giver I praise,
And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace;
It came from above,
The foretaste I prove,
And I soon shall receive all thy fulness of love.

HYMN XCI. S. M.

1 AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?
Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror!
2 Though late I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!
Come and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

3 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.
My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art,
My hope, my heav'nly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart!

HYMN XCII. *Shepherd of Israel.*

1 THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! shew me that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstacy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God:
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:

'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy ſide,
Eternally held in thy heart.

HYMN XCIII. *Olney.*

1 JESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy feeble creature's cry:
And ſhew thyſelf the ſinner's friend,
And ſet me up on high.
From hell's oppreſſive pow'r
My ſtruggling ſoul releaſe;
And to thy Father's grace reſtore;
And to thy perfect peace.

2 Thy blood and righteouſneſs
I make my only plea;
My preſent and eternal peace
Are both deriv'd from thee.
Rivers of life divine
From thee, their fountain, flow;
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.

3 Come then, impute, impart
To me thy righteouſneſs,
And let me taſte how good thou art,
How full of truth and grace:
That thou canſt here forgive,
Grant me to teſtify,
And juſtify'd by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.

HYMN XCIV. C. M.

1 BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raiſe;
Thy all-ſuſtaining power we prove,
And gladly ſing thy praiſe.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
Our ſacrifice receive;
Made, and preſerv'd, and ſav'd by thee,
To thee ourſelves we give.

3 Heav'n-ward our ev'ry wiſh aſpires,
For all thy mercy's ſtore:
The ſole return thy love requires,
Is that we aſk for more.

4 For more we aſk: we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will:
Turn and beget us, Lord, again;
With all thy fulneſs fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghoſt, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad!
So ſhall we ever live and move,
And be with Chriſt in God.

HYMN XCV. C. M.

1 O SUN of Righteouſneſs, ariſe
With healing in thy wing!
To my diſeas'd, my fainting ſoul,
Life and ſalvation bring.

2 Theſe clouds of pride and ſin diſpel
By thy all piercing beam;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind by thy all-quick'ning power
From low desires set free;
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-lost son receive;
Saviour, thy purchase own;
Blest comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One in Three,
On thee all faith, all hope be plac'd,
All love be paid to thee.

HYMN XCVI. *Plymouth.*

1 SON of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply our ev'ry want!
Tree of life, thy influence shed,
With thy sap my spirit feed.

2 Tendrest branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee and die,
Weak as helpless infancy;
O confirm my soul in thee.

3 Unsustain'd by thee I fall;
Send the help for which I call;
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end:
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

HYMN XCVII. *Plymouth.*

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek, and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN XCVIII. *Whitefield's.*

1 COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!

Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd:
Lord hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our pray'r attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r.

5 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be,
Hence—evermore!
His sov'reign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity,
Love and adore.

HYMN XCIX. L. M.

1 OF him who did ſalvation bring,
I could for ever think and ſing;
Ariſe, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Ariſe, ye needy, he'll relieve.

2 Aſk but his grace, and lo! 'tis given;
Aſk, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Tho' ſin and ſorrow wound my ſoul,
Jeſu, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To ſhame our ſins he bluſh'd in blood,
He clos'd his eyes to ſhew us God;
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God ſuch love can ſhow.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I ſhed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Inſatiate to this ſpring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who againſt thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

HYMN C. *Funeral.*

1 HOW tedious and taſteleſs the hours,
When Jeſus no longer I ſee;
Sweet proſpects, ſweet birds, and ſweet flow'rs,
Have all loſt their ſweetneſs to me:
The midſummer ſun ſhines but dim,
The fields ſtrive in vain to look gay:
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleaſant as May.

2 His name yields the richeſt perfume,
And ſweeter than muſic his voice;
His preſence diſperſes my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I ſhould, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wiſh or to fear;
No mortal ſo happy as I,
My ſummer would laſt all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleaſure reſign'd;
No changes of ſeaſon or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While bleſs'd with a ſenſe of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And priſons would palaces prove,
If Jeſus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my ſun and my ſong;
Say, why do I languiſh and pine?
And why are my winters ſo long?
O drive theſe dark clouds from my ſky,
Thy ſoul-cheering preſence reſtore;
Or take me to thee upon high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN CI. *St. Peter's.*

1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry bleſſing,
Tune my heart to ſing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never ceaſing,
Call for ſongs of loudeſt praiſe:
Teach me ſome melodious ſonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praiſe the mount—I'm fix'd upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raiſe mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleaſure
Safely to arrive at home.
Jeſus fought me when a ſtranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to reſcue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be!
Let thy goodneſs, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and ſeal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN CII. L. M.

1 JESUS, from whom all bleſſings flow,
Great builder of thy church below,
If now thy Spirit moves my breaſt,
Hear and fulfil thine own requeſt.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy ſanctifying word,
And thee their utmoſt Saviour own,
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind expreſs,
Stand forth thy choſen witneſſes;
Thy power unto ſalvation ſhow,
And perfect holineſs below.

4 In them let all mankind behold,
How Chriſtians liv'd in days of old:

Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 O might my lot be caſt with theſe,
The leaſt of Jeſu's witneſſes!
O that my Lord would count me meet;
To waſh his dear diſciples' feet!

6 This only thing do I require;
Thou know'ſt 'tis all my heart's deſire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The ſervant of thy church to live:

7 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy ſaints below,
Enjoy the grace to angels giv'n,
And ſerve the royal heirs of heav'n.

8 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And aſk according to thy will;
Confirm the pray'r, the ſeal impart,
And ſpeak the anſwer to my heart.

9 Tell me, or thou ſhalt never go,
"Thy pray'r is heard; it ſhall be ſo."
The words have paſs'd thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

HYMN CIII. *Kingswood.*

1 EVER fainting with deſire,
For thee, O Chriſt, I call!
Thee I reſtleſsly require,
I want my God, my All.
Jeſu, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above,
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

2 Wilt thou ſuffer me to go
Lamenting all my days?
Shall I never, never know
Thy ſanctifying grace?
Wilt thou not the light afford,
The darkneſs from my ſoul remove?
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word;
And perfect me in love.

3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
The ſecond gift impart;
With th' indwelling ſpirit give
A new, a contrite heart:
If with love thy heart is ſtor'd,
If now o'er me thy bowels move,
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

4 Let me gain my calling's hope,
O make the ſinner clean!
Dry corruption's fountain up,
Cut off th' entail of ſin:
Take me into thee, my Lord,
And I ſhall then no longer rove;
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

5 Thou, my life, my treaſure be,
My portion here below!
Nothing would I ſeek but thee,
Thee only would I know:
My exceeding great reward,
My heav'n on earth, my heav'n above;
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

6 Grant me now the bliſs to feel
Of thoſe that are in thee;
Son of God, thyſelf reveal,
Engrave thy name on me;
As in heav'n be here ador'd,
And let me now the promiſe prove;
Help me, Saviour, ſpeak the word,
And perfect me in love.

HYMN CIV. C. M.

1 MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is loſt in thine,
And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till ſteadfaſtly by faith I ſtand,
And all thy goodneſs know.

3 Jeſu, thine all victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad!
Then ſhall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

4 O that in me the ſacred fire
Might now begin to glow!
Burn up the droſs of baſe deſire,
And make the mountains flow!

5 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my ſins conſume:
Come, Holy Ghoſt, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my ſoul;
Scatter thy life through ev'ry part,
And ſanctify the whole.

7 Sorrow and ſin ſhall then expire,
When enter'd into reſt;
I only live my God t' admire,
My God for ever bleſt.

8 My ſteadfaſt ſoul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
But Chriſt be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

HYMN CV. *Shepherd of Iſrael.*

1 WHAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and deſire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aſpire:
My hope is all center'd in thee;
I truſt to recover thy love;
On earth thy ſalvation to ſee,
And then to enjoy thee above.

2 I thirſt for a life-giving God,
A God that on Calvary dy'd;
A fountain of water and blood,
Which guſh'd from Immanuel's ſide?
I gaſp for the ſtream of thy love,
The ſpirit of rapture unknown;
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally freſh from the throne.

HYMN CVI. *Bradford.*

1 JESU, thy boundleſs love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare:
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, thine alone I am;
Be thou alone my conſtant flame!

2 O grant that nothing in my ſoul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone!
O may thy love poſſeſs me whole!
My joy, my treaſure, and my crown:
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My ev'ry act, word, thought, be love.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy preſence flies;
Care, anguiſh, ſorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams ariſe;
O Jeſu, nothing may I ſee,
Nothing deſire or ſeek but thee!

4 Unweary'd may I this purſue,
Dauntleſs to the high prize aſpire;
Hourly within my ſoul renew
This holy flame, this heav'nly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard this ſacred treaſure there.

5 O that I as a little child
May follow thee and never reſt,
Till ſweetly thou haſt breath'd thy mild
And lowly mind into my breaſt!
Nor ever may we parted be,
Till I become one ſpir't with thee.

6 Still let thy love point out my way;
How wond'rous things thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me leſt I go aſtray;
Direct my word, inſpire my thought;
And if I fall, ſoon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

7 In ſuff'ring be thy love my peace,
In weakneſs be thy love my pow'r,
And when the ſtorms of life ſhall ceaſe,
Jeſu, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And ſave me, who for me haſt dy'd!

HYMN CVII. L. M.

1 HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And ſtamp me with thy Spirit's ſeal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye:
Diſplay thy glory from above;
And all I am ſhall ſink and die,
Loſt in aſtoniſhment and love!

3 Confound, o'erpow'r me by thy grace;
I would be by myſelf abhorr'd;
All might, all majeſty, all praiſe,
All glory be to Chriſt my Lord!

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall,
As leſs than nothing in my ſight,
And feel that Chriſt is all in all!

HYMN CVIII. *Hotham.*

1 SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole;
Finish thy great work of grace!
Cut it short in righteousness.

2 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred sin;
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove;
Cast it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing less will I require,
Nothing more can I desire:
None but Christ to me be giv'n;
None but Christ in earth or heav'n.

4 O that I might now decrease!
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall!
Let my Lord be all in all!

HYMN CIX. C. M.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art lov'd alone.

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the pow'r bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardneſs from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the reſt of faith impart,
The ſabbath of thy love.

5 I would be thine, thou know'ſt I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-ſufficient good,
I want, and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this, be giv'n;
Nothing beſide my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heav'n.

7 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my ſoul deſcend!
No longer from thy creature ſtay,
My author and my end!

8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
And ſeal me thine abode;
Let all I am in thee be loſt,
Let all be loſt in God!

HYMN CX. C. M.

1 O JOYFUL ſound of goſpel-grace,
Chriſt ſhall in me appear!
I, even I, ſhall ſee his face;
I ſhall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteouſneſs
To me reach'd out I view;
Conqu'ror through him, I ſoon ſhall ſeize
And wear it as my due.

3 The promis'd land from Piſgah's top
I now exult to ſee;

My hope is full (O glorious hope)
Of immortality.

4 He visits now this house of clay;
He shakes his future home:
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come.

5 With me, I know, I feel thou art,
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

6 My earth thou wat'rest from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul.

7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal!
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God!

8 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity;
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee!

HYMN CXI. C. M.

1 JESUS hath dy'd that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My ſoul breaks out in ſtrong deſire,
The perfect bliſs to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire,
To be diſſolv'd in love.

4 Give me thyſelf, from ev'ry boaſt,
From ev'ry ſin ſet free;
Let all I am in thee be loſt,
But give thyſelf to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot ſuffice,
Unleſs thyſelf be giv'n;
Thy preſence makes my paradiſe,
And where thou art is heav'n!

HYMN CXII. *Smithfield's.*

1 THOU great, myſterious God unknown,
Whoſe love hath gently led me on,
Ev'n from my infant days;
Mine inmoſt ſoul expoſe to view,
And tell me if I never knew
Thy juſtifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd with an heart ſincere,
Thy drawing from above;
Now, now the farther grace beſtow,
And let my ſprinkled conſcience know,
Thy ſweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not ſtop,
A ſtranger to the goſpel hope,
The ſenſe of ſin forgiv'n:
I would not, Lord, my ſoul deceive,
Without thy inward witneſs live,
That antepaſt of heav'n.

4 If now the witneſs were in me,
Would he not teſtify of thee,
In Jeſus reconcil'd?
And ſhould I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
I know myſelf thy child?

5 Ah! never let thy ſervant reſt,
Till of my part in Chriſt poſſeſs'd,
I on thy mercy feed:
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
Yet rais'd by him who dy'd for all,
To eat the children's bread.

6 Whate'er obſtructs thy pard'ning love,
Or ſin, or righteouſneſs, remove,
Thy glory to diſplay:
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now abſolve me from my ſins,
And take them all away.

HYMN CXIII. L. M.

1 MY hope, my All, my Saviour thou,
To thee, lo! now my ſoul I bow:
I feel the bliſs thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my ſtrength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's ſhort day;
In all my acts may wiſdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy ſide.

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me;
As I have need, my Saviour be:
And if I would from thee depart,
Then claſp me, Saviour, to thy heart.

4 In fierce temptation's darkeſt hour,
Save me from ſin and Satan's pow'r;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour—reign alone.

5 My ſuff'ring time ſhall ſoon be o'er,
Then ſhall I ſigh and weep no more:
My ranſom'd ſoul ſhall ſoar away,
To ſing thy praiſe in endleſs day.

HYMN CXIV. C. M.

1 JESUS, the all-ſuſtaining Word,
My fallen ſpirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeneſs, Lord,
O when ſhall I wake up?

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The life, the truth, the way;
Quicken my ſoul, inſtruct my heart,
My ſinking footſteps ſtay.

3 Of all thou haſt in earth below,
In heav'n above to give,
Give me thine only ſelf to know,
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love,
In myſtic union join
Me to thyſelf, and let me prove
The fellowſhip divine.

5 Open the intercourſe between
My longing ſoul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
Trough all eternity.

HYMN CXV. C. M.

1 HOW vain are all things here below,
How falſe, and yet how fair!
Each pleaſure hath its poiſon too,
And ev'ry ſweet a ſnare.

2 The brighteſt things below the ſky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome danger nigh,
Where we poſſeſs delight.

3 Our deareſt joys, and neareſt friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondneſs of a creature's love,
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the ſenſe!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My ſoul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN CXVI. *Paſſion.*

1 ALL ye that paſs by,
To Jeſus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing that Jeſus ſhould die?
Your ranſom and peace,
Your ſurety he is,
Come ſee if there ever was ſorrow like his.

2 For what you have done,
His blood muſt atone;
The Father hath puniſh'd for you his dear Son.
The Lord, in the day
Of his anger, did lay
Your ſins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.

3 He anſwer'd for all,
O come at his call,
And low at his croſs with aſtoniſhment fall.
But lift up your eyes
At Jeſus's cries,
Impaſſive he ſuffers, immortal he dies.

4 He dies to atone
For ſins not his own,
Your debt he hath paid, and your work he hath done.
Ye all may receive
The peace he did leave,
Who made interceſſion, "My Father, forgive."

5 For you and for me
He pray'd on the tree;
His prayer is accepted, the ſinner is free.
The ſinner am I,
Who on Jeſus rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

6 My pardon I claim,
For a ſinner I am,
A ſinner believing in Jeſus's name.
He purchas'd the grace,
Which now I embrace;
O Father, thou know'ſt he hath dy'd in my place.

7 His death is my plea,
My advocate ſee, [me:
And hear the blood ſpeak that hath anſwer'd for
Acquitted I was
When he bled on the croſs,
And by loſing his life he hath carry'd my cauſe.

HYMN CXVII. L. M.

1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when ſhall it be,
That I ſhall find my all in thee?
The fulneſs of thy promiſe prove,
The ſeal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near:
O dark! dark! dark! I ſtill muſt ſay,
Amidſt the blaze of goſpel-day.

3 Thee, only thee I fain would find,
And caſt the world and fleſh behind:
Thou, only thou to me be giv'n,
Of all thou haſt in earth or heav'n.

4 When from the arm of fleſh ſet free,
Jeſu, my ſoul ſhall fly to thee:
Jeſu, when I have loſt my all,
I ſhall upon thy boſom fall.

HYMN CXVIII. L. M.

1 WHom man forſakes thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcaſts to receive;
Though works of ſimpleneſs I own,
And e as the filts to thee are known.

2 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wiſe caſt me out,
An helpleſs ſoul that comes to thee,
With only ſin and miſery.

3 Lord, I am ſick, my ſickneſs cure:
I want, do thou enrich the poor:
Under thy mighty hand I ſtoop:
O lift the abject ſinner up!

4 Lord, I am blind, be thou my ſight!
Lord, I am weak, be thou my might!
A helper of the helpleſs be,
And let me find my all in thee!

HYMN CXIX. C. M.

1 JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Diſplay thy ſaving pow'r;
Thy mercy let theſe our-caſts find,
And know their gracious hour.

2 Ah! give them, Lord, a longer ſpace,
Nor ſuddenly conſume;
But let them take the proffer'd grace,
And flee the wrath to come.

3 O wouldſt thou caſt a pitying look
(All goodneſs as thou art)
Like that which faithleſs Peter's broke,
On each obdurate heart!

4 Who thee beneath their feet have trod,
And crucify'd afreſh,
Touch with thine all-victorious [illegible]d,
And turn the ſtone to fleſh dy'd in

5 Open their eyes, and ears, to ſee
Thy croſs, to hear thy cries:
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,
For thee he weeps and dies.

6 All the day long he meekly ſtands
His rebels to receive,
And ſhews his wounds, and ſpreads his hands,
And bids you turn and live.

7 Turn, and your ſins of deepeſt die
He will with blood efface;
Even now he waits the blood t' apply,
Be ſav'd, be ſav'd by grace.

8 Be ſav'd from hell, from ſin and fear;
He ſpeaks you now forgiv'n;
Walk before God, be perfect here,
And then come up to heav'n.

HYMN CXX. *112th Pſalm.*

1 O GOD of good, the unfathom'd ſea,
Who would not give his heart to thee!
Who would not love thee with his might,
O Jeſu, lover of mankind?
Who would not his whole ſoul and mind,
With all his ſtrength to thee unite?

2 Thou ſhin'ſt with everlaſting rays;
Before the unſufferable blaze,
Angels with both wings veil their eyes:
Yet free as air thy bounty ſtreams
On all thy works: thy mercy's beams
Diffuſive as the ſun's, ariſe.

3 Aſtoniſh'd at thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heav'n's ſtrong pillars bow,
Terrible majeſty is thine!
Who then can that vaſt love expreſs,
Which bows thee down to me, who leſs
Than nothing am, till thou art mine!
4 High thron'd on heav'n's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and meaſure ſtill,
Thou ſweetly order'ſt all that is:
And yet thou deign'ſt to come to me,
And guide my ſteps, that I with thee
Enthron'd may reign in endleſs bliſs.

HYMN CXXI. *Paſſion.*

1 O JESUS, my reſt,
How unſpeakably bleſt
Is the ſinner that comes to be hid in thy breaſt!
2 I come at thy call,
At thy feet do I fall,
And believe and confeſs thee my God and my All.
3 Thou art Mary's good part,
The thing needful thou art,
The deſire of my eyes, and the joy of my heart.
4 My comfort and ſtay,
My life and my way,
My crown of rejoicing in that happy day.
5 Health, pardon, and peace
In thee I poſſeſs;
I can have nothing more, I will have nothing leſs.
6 I ſtand in thy might,
I walk in thy light,
And all heav'n I claim in thy God-giving right.

HYMN CXXII. L. M.

For more Labourers.

1 JESU, thy wand'ring ſheep behold!
See, Lord, with yearning bowels ſee,
Poor ſouls that cannot find the fold,
Till ſought and gather'd in by thee.

2 Loſt are they now, and ſcatter'd wide,
In pain, and wearineſs, and want;
With no kind Shepherd near to guide
The ſick, and ſpiritleſs, and faint.

3 Thou, only thou, the kind and good,
And ſheep-redeeming Shepherd art;
Collect thy flock, and give them food,
And paſtors after thine own heart.

4 Give the pure word of general grace,
And great ſhall be the preachers' crowd:
Preachers who all the ſinful race,
Point to the all-atoning blood.

5 Open their mouth and utterance give,
Give them a trumpet-voice to call
A world, who all may turn and live,
Through faith in him who dy'd for all.

6 In every meſſenger reveal
The grace they preach divinely free;
That each may by thy Spirit tell,
"He dy'd for all who dy'd for me."

7 A double portion from above
Of that all-quick'ning Spirit impart;
Shed forth thine univerſal love
In ev'ry faithful Paſtor's heart.

8 Thy only glory let them ſeek,
O let their hearts with love o'erflow;
Let them believe, and therefore ſpeak,
And ſpread thy mercy's praiſe below.

HYMN CXXIII. S. M.

Nativity-Hymn.

1 FATHER, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And thank thee for the precious gift
Of thine incarnate Son;
The gift unſpeakable
We thankfully receive,
And to the world thy goodneſs tell,
And to thy glory live.

2 Jeſus the holy child
Doth by his birth declare,
That God and man are reconcil'd,
And one in him we are:
Salvation through his name
To all mankind is given,
And loud his infant-cries proclaim,
A peace 'twixt earth and heaven.

3 A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more ſhall end:
The Lord of hoſts, the King of kings,
Declares himſelf our friend:
Aſſumes our fleſh and blood,
That we his Spirit may gain:
The everlaſting Son of God,
The mortal Son of man.

4 His kingdom from above
He doth to us impart,

And pure benevolence and love
O'erflow the faithful heart:
Chang'd in a moment, we
The ſweet attraction find,
With open arms of charity
Embracing all mankind.

5 O might they all receive
The new-born Prince of Peace,
And meekly in his ſpirit live,
And in his love increaſe!
Till he convey us home,
Cry ev'ry ſoul aloud,
Come, thou deſire of nations, come,
And take us up to God.

HYMN CXXIV. S. M.

For more Labourers.

1 LORD of the harveſt, hear
Thy needy ſervants' cry,
Anſwer our faith's effectual pray'r,
And all our wants ſupply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view:
The harveſt, truly, Lord, is great,
The labourers are few.

3 Convert and ſend forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them ſpeak thy word of pow'r
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure goſpel-word,
The word of gen'ral grace;

There let them preach the common Lord,
Saviour of human race.
O let them ſpread thy name,
Their miſſion fully prove,
Thy univerſal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

HYMN CXXV. L. M.

For a ſick Perſon.

SEE, gracious Lord with pitying eyes,
Beneath thy hand a ſufferer lies,
Thy mercy, not thine anger, proves;
And ſick is he whom Jeſus loves.
His to thine own afflictions join,
Accept, exalt, and call them thine:
Thy paſſion which remains fulfil,
And ſuffer in thy members ſtill.
His ſickneſs feel, endure his pain,
His burden bear, his croſs ſuſtain:
Grieve in his griefs, and ſigh his ſighs,
And breathe his wiſhes to the ſkies.
Enter his heart, poſſeſs him whole,
Inſpire and actuate his ſoul;
Himſelf no longer let it be,
That ſuffers, or that lives, but thee.
Thyſelf through ſufferings perfect made,
Conform him thus to thee his head;
Refine, and raiſe his virtue higher,
When try'd and purify'd by fire.
So when his eyes behold thee near,
And thou his hidden life appear;
Bright in thy likeneſs ſhall he ſhine,
And glorious all, and all divine.

REJOICING.

HYMN CXXVI. S. M.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
While ye ſurround his throne;
Let thoſe refuſe to ſing
Who never knew our God;
But ſervants of the heav'nly King
May ſpeak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth ſurveys,
That rides upon the ſtormy ſky,
And calms the roaring ſeas:
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love:
He will ſend down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

3 There we ſhall ſee his face,
And never, never ſin!
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endleſs pleaſures in:
Yea, and before we riſe
To that immortal ſtate,
The thoughts of ſuch amazing bliſs
Should conſtant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celeſtial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:

Then let our ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN CXXVII. L. M.

1 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The bleſſing of God's choſen race,
The wiſdom coming from above,
The faith that ſweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond deſcription he,
Who knows the Saviour dy'd for me,
The gift unſpeakable obtains,
And heav'nly underſtanding gains.

3 Wiſdom divine! Who tells the price
Of wiſdom's coſtly merchandiſe?
Wiſdom to ſilver we prefer,
And gold is droſs compar'd to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches and immortal praiſe:
Riches of Chriſt on all beſtow'd,
And honour that deſcends from God.

5 To pureſt joys ſhe all invites,
Chaſte, holy, ſpiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wiſdom gains;
Thrice happy who his gueſt retains;
He owns, and ſhall for ever own,
Wiſdom, and Chriſt, and heav'n are one.

HYMN CXXVIII. C. M.

1 HAPPY the ſouls to Jeſus join'd,
And ſav'd by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heav'n on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They ſing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praiſe,
And bow before thy throne!
We in the kingdom of thy grace;
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holi'ſt leads;
From thence our ſpirits riſe;
And he that in thy ſtatutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the ſkies.

HYMN CXXIX. *Miſs Edwin's.*

1 LET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bleſs the ſound of Jeſu's name.

2 Jeſus! tranſporting ſound!
The joy of earth and heav'n;
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n,
By which we can ſalvation have,
But Jeſus came the world to ſave.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love:
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to see our Jesu's face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmly sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole;
See there, my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel he dy'd for me.

6 O unexampl'd love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race;
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?

7 O for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who dy'd for all!
For all my Lord was crucify'd!
For all, for all my Saviour dy'd!

8 To ſerve thy bleſſed will,
Thy dying love to praiſe,
Thy counſel to fulfil,
And miniſter thy grace,
Freely what I receive to give,
The life of heav'n on earth I live.

HYMN CXXX. *Fonmon.*

1 ARISE, my ſoul, ariſe,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my ſurety ſtands:
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And ſprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary:
They pour effectual pray'rs,
They ſtrongly ſpeak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry!
Nor let that ranſom'd ſinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He cannot turn away
The preſence of his Son:
His Spirit anſwers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father! cry.

HYMN CXXXI. *Paſſion.*

1 MY God I am thine,
What a comfort divine!
What a bleſſing to know that my Jeſus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb
Thrice happy I am,
And my heart doth rejoice at the ſound of his (name.

2 True pleaſures abound
In the rapturous ſound;
And whoever hath found it, hath paradiſe found.
My Jeſus to know,
And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlaſting, 'tis heav'n below!

3 Yet onward I haſte
To the heav'nly feaſt;
That, that is the fulneſs; but this is the taſte;
And this I ſhall prove,
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jeſus's love.

HYMN CXXXII. C. M.

1 THY ceaſeleſs, unexhauſted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our miſery.

2 Thou waiteſt to be gracious ſtill;
Thou doſt with ſinners bear,
That ſav'd, we may thy goodneſs feel,
And all thy grace declare.
3 Thy goodneſs and thy truth to me,
To ev'ry ſoul abound;
A vaſt, unfathomable ſea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
4 Its ſtreams the whole creation reach,
So plent'ous is the ſtore;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore!
5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thouſand promiſes declare
Thy conſtancy of love!
6 Throughout the univerſe it reigns,
Unalterably ſure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodneſs muſt endure.

HYMN CXXXIII. *Portſmouth.*

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and ſing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice!
2 Jeſus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love,
When he had purg'd our ſtains,
He took his ſeat above:
Lift up, &c.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n:
Lift up, &c.

4 He sits at God's right-hand,
Till all his foes submit:
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up, &c.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And ev'ry bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up, &c.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come;
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

HYMN CXXXIV. *Passion.*

1 O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found,
Where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe,
In paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:

My ſoul don't delay,
He calls thee away,
Riſe, follow thy Saviour, and bleſs the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know
What he can beſtow, [go:
What light, ſtrength, and comfort, go after him,
Lo, onward I move
To a country above, [prove.
None gueſſes how wond'rous my journey will

4 Great ſpoils I ſhall win,
From death, hell, and ſin,
'Midſt outward afflictions ſhall feel Chriſt within:
And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jeſus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find,
We two are ſo join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind:
So this is the race,
I'm running thro' grace,
Henceforth till admitted to ſee my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care,
My neighbours may ſhare [dare?
Theſe bleſſings; to ſeek them will none of you
In bondage, O why,
And death will you lie,
When one here aſſures you free grace is ſo nigh?

HYMN CXXXV. S. M.

1 AND muſt this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay?
And muſt theſe active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms;
Shall but refine this fleſh,
Till my triumphant ſpirit comes
To put it on afreſh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And ever from the ſkies
Looks down, and watches all my duſt,
Till he ſhall bid it riſe.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall theſe vile bodies ſhine,
And ev'ry ſhape, and ev'ry face,
Be heav'nly and divine.

5 Theſe lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love;
O may we bleſs thy grace below,
And ſing thy grace above.

6 Saviour, accept the praiſe
Of theſe our humble ſongs,
Till tunes of nobler ſounds we raiſe
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN CXXXVI. L. M.

1 HE dies, the friend of ſinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies!
A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground!
Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load:
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!

But lo! what ſudden joys we ſee,
Jeſus, the dead, revives again!
The riſing God forſakes the tomb:
(In vain the tomb forbids his riſe)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies.

3 Break off your tears, ye ſaints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter death in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the monſter—"Where's thy ſting!
"And where's thy vict'ry, boaſting grave!"

HYMN CXXXVII. C. M.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark deſpair,
We wretched ſinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or ſpark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpleſs grief:
He ſaw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the ſhining ſeats above
With joyful haſte he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praiſes ſpeak.

5 Angels, aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN CXXXVIII. C. M.

1 MY God, the ſpring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brighteſt days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkeſt ſhades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my ſoul's bright morning-ſtar,
And thou my riſing-ſun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me ſhine
With beams of ſacred bliſs,
If Jeſus ſhews his mercy mine,
And whiſpers I am his.

4 My ſoul would leave this heavy clay
At that tranſporting word,
Run up with joy the ſhining way,
To ſee and praiſe my Lord.

5 Fearleſs of hell, and ghaſtly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN CXXXIX. C. M.

1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodneſs ſpeak,
Thou Sov'reign Lord of all;
Thy ſtrength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raiſe the poor that fall.

2 When ſorrows bow the ſpirit down,
When virtue lies diſtreſs'd
Beneath the proud oppreſſor's frown,
Thou giv'ſt the mourner reſt.

3 Thou know'ſt the pains thy ſervants feel;
Thou hear'ſt thy children's cry,
And their beſt wiſhes to fulfil
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never ſhall remove
From men of heart ſincere:
Thou ſav'ſt the ſouls whoſe humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

5 My lips ſhall dwell upon thy praiſe,
And ſpread thy fame abroad;
Let all the ſons of Adam raiſe
The honours of their God.

HYMN CXL. C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, Holy ſpirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of ſacred love
In theſe cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe earthly toys;
Our ſouls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!

3 In vain we tune our formal ſongs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe;
Hoſannas languiſh on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, ſhall we then ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee,
And thine to us ſo great?

5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, ſhed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

HYMN CXLI. *London.*

1 THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial ſky,
And ſpangled heav'ns (a ſhining frame!)
Their great original proclaim.
The unweary'd ſun from day to day,
Doth his Creator's pow'r diſplay:
And publiſhes to ev'ry land,
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
While all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in ſolemn ſilence all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball;
What though no real voice nor ſound
Amid the radiant orbs be found;

In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN. CXLII. *Cheſhunt.*

1 THE voice of my beloved ſounds,
While o'er the mountain-tops he bounds,
He flies exulting o'er the hills,
And all my ſoul with tranſport fills:
Gently doth he chide my ſtay,
"Riſe, my love, and come away."

2 The ſcatter'd clouds are fled at laſt,
The rain is gone, the winter's paſt,
The lovely vernal flow'rs appear,
The warbling choir enchants our ear;
Now, with ſweetly-penſive moan,
Coos the turtle dove alone.

HYMN CXLIII. *Saliſbury.*

1 VAIN, deluſive world, adieu,
With all of creature-good,
Only Jeſus I purſue,
Who bought me with his blood!
All thy pleaſure I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride:
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucify'd!

2 Other knowledge I diſdain,
'Tis all but vanity:
Chriſt, the Lamb of God, was ſlain,
He taſted death for me!

Me to ſave from endleſs woe,
The ſin-atoning victim dy'd!
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucify'd!

3 Here will I ſet up my reſt,
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breaſt,
Shall never more depart:
Whither ſhould a ſinner go?
His wounds for me ſtand open wide;
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucify'd!

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleaſure without end;
This is all my happineſs
On Jeſus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucify'd!

5 O that I could all invite,
This ſaving truth to prove:
Shew the length, the breadth, and height,
And depth of Jeſu's love!
Fain I would to ſinners ſhow
The blood by faith alone apply'd!
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucify'd!

HYMN CXLIV. C. M.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Prieſt above:
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the ſame.

3 He, in the days of feeble fleſh,
Pour'd out ſtrong cries and tears;
And in his meaſure feels afreſh
What ev'ry member bears.

4 He'll never quench the ſmoaking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame;
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.

5 Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his pow'r;
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

HYMN CXLV. L. M.

1 JESUS, my All, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon:
His track I ſee, and I'll purſue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from baniſhment:
The King's highway of holineſs
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have ſought,
And mourn'd becauſe I found it not:
My grief a burden long has been,
Becauſe I was not ſav'd from ſin.

4 The more I ſtrove againſt its pow'r,
I felt its weight and guilt the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour ſay,
"Come hither, ſoul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, bleſt Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whoſe I am;
Nothing but ſin I thee can give,
Nothing but love ſhall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to ſinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And ſay, "Behold the way to God.

HYMN CXLVI. *Brockmer's.*

1 FATHER, how wide thy glories ſhine!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſands through the ſkies.
Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions ſpeak thy ſkill:
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience ſtill.

2 Part of thy name divinely ſtands
On all thy creatures writ,
They ſhew the labour of thy hands,
Or impreſs of thy feet.
But when we view thy ſtrange deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms.

3 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs

Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice or the grace.
Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains,
Bright ſeraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

4 O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Who ſweetly all agree
To ſave a world of ſinners loſt,
Eternal glory be.

HYMN CXLVII. C. M.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlaſting All,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the ſkies,
And this inferior clod?
There's nothing here deſerves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning ſun
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy ſweet beams create my noon:
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilſt upon my reſtleſs bed
Among the ſhades I roll,
If my Redeemer ſhews his head,
'Tis morning with my ſoul.

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and ſafe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee?
Or what's my ſafety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I poſſeſſor of the earth,
And call'd the ſtars my own:
Without thy graces, and thyſelf,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others ſtretch their arms like ſeas,
And graſp in all the ſhore,
Grant me the viſits of thy face,
And I deſire no more.

HYMN CXLVIII. *Savannah.*

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As we journey let us ſing:
Sing our Saviour's worthy praiſe,
Glorious in his works and ways!

2 We are trav'lling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.

3 O ye baniſh'd ſeed! be glad,
Chriſt our advocate is made;
Us to ſave, our fleſh aſſumes,
Brother to our ſouls becomes.

4 Fear not brethren, joyful ſtand
On the borders of our land:

Jeſus Chriſt, our Father's Son,
Bids us undiſmay'd go on.
Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee!

PRAISE.

HYMN CXLIX. *Tallis.*

1 O What ſhall I do my Saviour to praiſe!
So faithful and true, ſo plenteous in grace!
So ſtrong to deliver, ſo good to redeem
The weakeſt believer that hangs upon him!
2 How happy the man whoſe heart is ſet free,
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And ſtill they are talking of Jeſus's grace.
3 Their daily delight ſhall be in thy name,
They ſhall as their right thy righteouſneſs claim:
Thy righteouſneſs wearing, and cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold ſhall they appear in the preſence of God.
4 For thou art their boaſt, their glory and pow'r,
And I alſo truſt to ſee the glad hour,
My ſoul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of ſalvation that lifts up my head.
5 For Jeſus my Lord is now my defence;
I truſt in his word, none plucks me from thence,
Since I have found favour, he all things will do;
My King and my Saviour ſhall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I ſhall ſee the bliſs of thine own,
Thy ſecret to me ſhall ſoon be made known:
For ſorrow and ſadneſs I joy ſhall receive,
And ſhare in the gladneſs of all that believe.

HYMN CL. *113th Pſalm.*

1 I'LL praiſe my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whoſe hopes rely
On Iſrael's God; he made the ſky,
And earth, and ſeas, with all their train:
His truth for ever ſtands ſecure!
He ſaves th' oppreſs'd, he feeds the poor,
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

3 The Lord pours eye ſight on the blind;
The Lord ſupports the fainting mind:
He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace;
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs,
And grants the pris'ner ſweet releaſe.

4 I'll praiſe him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

HYMN CLI. L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raiſe
Your hearts and voices in his praiſe:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the ſtars, thoſe heav'nly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names:
His wiſdom's vaſt, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd!

3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his clouds around the ſky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops deſcend in vain.

4 He makes the graſs the hills adorn,
And clothes the ſmiling fields with corn;
The beaſts with food his hands ſupply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's ſkill or force,
The ſprightly man or warlike horſe?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

6 But ſaints are lovely in his ſight,
He views his children with delight!
He ſees their hope, he knows their fear;
And looks and loves his image there.

HYMN CLII. L. M.

1 HOW do thy mercies cloſe me round!
For ever be thy name ador'd!
I bluſh in all things to abound;
The ſervant is above his Lord!

2 Innur'd to poverty and pain,
A ſuff'ring life my maſter led;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not were to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepar'd
For me whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himſelf becomes my guard;
He ſmooths my bed, and gives me ſleep.

4 Jeſus protects; my fears be gone;
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlaſting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who ſhall violate my reſt!
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breaſt.

6 I reſt beneath th' Almighty's ſhade,
My griefs expire, my troubles ceaſe;
Thou, Lord, on whom my ſoul is ſtay'd,
Wilt keep me ſtill in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou lov'ſt to take
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forſake
A helpleſs worm that truſts in thee.

HYMN CLIII. *Paſſion.*

1 O GOD of all grace,
Thy goodneſs we praiſe;
Thy Son thou haſt given to die in our place;
With joy we approve
The deſign of thy love,
'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.

2 Tongue cannot explain
The love of God-man,
Which the angels desire to look into in vain:
It dazzles our eyes,
Thought cannot arise,
To find out a cause why the Infinite dies.

3 Or if pity inclin'd
Him to die for mankind,
The ground of his pity what seraph can find!
He came from above
Our curse to remove: [love.
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because he would

4 Love mov'd him to die,
And on this we rely, [why:
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, we cannot tell
But this we can tell,
He hath lov'd us so well,
As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell.

5 He hath ransom'd our race;
O how shall we praise,
Or worthily sing thy unspeakable grace!
Nothing else will we know
In our journey below,
But singing thy praise to thy paradise go.

6 Nay, and when we remove
To the mansions above,
Our heav'n shall still be to sing of thy love:
When time is no more,
We still shall adore
The ocean of love without bottom or shore.

7 Ere long we ſhall fly
To the regions on high,
For Iſrael's ſtrength cannot vary or lie;
He ſoon ſhall appear,
He more than draws near,
Our Jeſus is come, and eternity's here.

HYMN CLIV. L. M.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with ſacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he deſtroy.

2 His ſov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men!
And when like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful ſongs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raiſe:
And earth with her ten thouſand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vaſt as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

HYMN CLV. C. M.

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praiſe
In concert with the bleſt,
Who joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endleſs reſt.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We bleſt and pious grow,
By hymns of praiſe we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter ſcene
Of glory was diſplay'd
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This univerſe was made.

4 He riſes, who mankind hath bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to ſpeak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

HYMN CLVI. *Aſhley.*

1 SALVATION! O the joyful ſound!
What pleaſure to our ears!
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

CHORUS.

Glory, honour, praiſe, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jeſus Chriſt is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah! praiſe the Lord!

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around,
While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound. *Glory, &c.*

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praiſe belongs:
Salvation ſhall inſpire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues. *Glory, &c*

HYMN CLVII. *Stanton.*

1 FROM all that dwell below the ſkies,
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe;
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung,
Thro' every land, by ev'ry tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In ſongs of praiſe divinely ſing;
The great ſalvation loud proclaim,
And ſhout for joy the Saviour's name:
In ev'ry land begin the ſong,
To ev'ry land the ſtrains belong:
In cheerful ſounds all voices raiſe,
And fill the world with loudeſt praiſe.

HYMN CLVIII. L. M.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful ſongs
With angels round the throne,
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

3 Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name,
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN CLIX. *Saliſbury.*

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God whoſe glory fills the ſky;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of heaven.

2 Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,
Thee we now preſume to ſing,
Glad thine attributes confeſs,
Glorious all and numberleſs.

3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd:
Hail, the everlaſting Lord;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
Lord of pow'r, and God of love!

4 Chriſt our Lord and God we own;
Chriſt, the Father's only Son:
Lamb of God for ſinners ſlain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou;
Jeſu, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our ſins away.

6 Pow'rful advocate with God,
Juſtify us by thy blood!
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou.

7 Hear, for thou, O Chriſt, alone,
With thy glorious Sire art one;
One the Holy Ghoſt with thee,
One ſupreme, eternal Three.

HYMN CLX. C. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, y' immortal choirs
That fill the realms above;
Praiſe him who form'd you of his fires,
And feeds you with his love.

2 Shine to his praiſe, ye cryſtal ſkies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil in ſhades your thouſand eyes
Before your brighter God.

3 Thou reſtleſs globe of golden light,
Whoſe beams create our days,
Join with the ſilver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

4 Winds, ye ſhall bear his name aloud
Thro' the ethereal blue,
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

5 Thunder and hail, and fire and ſtorms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And ſpeak his awful hand.

6 Shout to the Lord, ye ſurging ſeas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave reſound his praiſe,
And ſhore reply to ſhore.

While monſters, ſporting on the flood,
In ſcaly ſilver ſhine,
Speak terribly, their maker, God,
And laſh the foaming brine.

But gentler things ſhall tune his name,
To ſofter notes than theſe,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the ſtream,
Or whiſp'ring thro' the trees.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow:
Sweet cluſters, bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.

Let the ſhrill birds his honours raiſe,
And climb the morning ſky;
While grov'ling beaſts attempt his praiſe
In hoarſer harmony.

Thus while the meaner creatures ſing,
Ye mortals take the ſound,
Echo the glories of our King,
Through all the nations round.

HYMN CLXI.

THE God of Abrah'm praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlaſting days,
And God of love:
JEHOVAH GREAT I AM!
By earth and heav'n confeſs'd;
I bow and bleſs the ſacred name,
For ever bleſt.

2 The God of Abrah'm praiſe,
At whoſe ſupreme command
From earth I riſe—and ſeek the joys
At his right hand;
I all on earth forſake,
Its wiſdom, fame, and pow'r:
And him my only portion make,
My ſhield and tow'r.

3 The God of Abrah'm praiſe,
Whoſe all-ſufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways;
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himſelf my God!
And he ſhall ſave me to the end
Through Jeſu's blood.

4 He by himſelf hath ſworn,
I on his oath depend,
I ſhall on eagles' wings up-borne,
To heav'n aſcend:
I ſhall behold his face,
I ſhall his pow'r adore,
And ſing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

HYMN CLXII. C. M.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty friend,
When I begin thy praiſe,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlaſting truſt,
Thy goodneſs I adore;

Send down thy grace, O bleſſed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet ſhall travel all the length
Of the celeſtial road:
And march with courage in thy ſtrength,
To ſee the Lord my God.

4 Awake, awake my tuneful pow'rs,
With this delightful ſong,
And entertain the darkeſt hours,
Nor think the ſeaſon long.

HYMN CLXIII. *Shepherd of Iſrael.*

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend;
Whoſe love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows meaſure nor end.
'Tis Jeſus, the Firſt and the Laſt,
Whoſe ſpirit ſhall guide us ſafe home;
We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt,
And truſt him for all that's to come.

HYMN CLXIV. C. M.

1 WHEN all the mercies of my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys,
Why, my cold heart, art thou not loſt
In wonder, love and praiſe?

2 Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſs'd,
While in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt:

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themſelves in pray'r.

4 Unnumber'd comforts on my ſoul,
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd,
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

5 When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm, unſeen, convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils and death,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

7 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death in diſtant worlds,
The pleaſing theme renew.

8 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful ſong I'll raiſe:
But O! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

HYMN CLXV. *Epworth.*

1 O THOU God of my ſalvation,
My redeemer from all ſin,
Mov'd to this by great compaſſion,
Yearning bowels from within:
I will praiſe thee:
Where ſhall I thy praiſe begin?

2 While the angel-choirs are crying;
Glory to the great I AM!
I with them would ſtill be vying,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the ſound of Jeſu's name!

3 Now I ſee, with joy and wonder,
Whence the healing ſtreams aroſe;
Angel-minds are loſt to ponder
Dying love's myſterious cauſe:
Yet the bleſſing
Down to all, to me it flows.

4 Though unſeen, I love the Saviour,
He almighty grace hath ſhown;
Pardon'd guilt and purchas'd favour!
This he makes to mortals known;
Give him glory,
Glory, glory is his own.

5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy ſong:
Hallelujah,
Love and praiſe to Chriſt belong.

HYMN CLXVI. C. M.

1 HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his ſins forgiv'n!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I ſeek my place in heav'n:

A country far from mortal ſight;
Yet, O! by faith I ſee
The land of reſt, the ſaints' delight,
The heav'n prepar'd for me.

2 O what a bleſſed hope is ours!
While here on earth we ſtay,
We more than taſte the heav'nly pow'rs,
And antedate that day:
We feel the reſurrection near,
Our life in Chriſt conceal'd,
And with his glorious preſence here
Our earthen veſſels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heav'n beſtow,
And let the veſſels break,
And let our ranſom'd ſpirits go,
To graſp the God we ſeek;
In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the ſight for me,
And ſhout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.

HYMN CLXVII. *Olney.*

PART THE FIRST.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his ſure truſt and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands;
Who points the clouds their courſe,
Whom winds and ſeas obey;
He ſhall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He ſhall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So ſafe ſhalt thou go on:
Fix on his work thy ſteadfaſt eye,
So ſhall thy work be done:
No profit canſt thou gain
By ſelf-conſuming care,
To him commend thy cauſe, his ear
Attends the ſofteſt pray'r.

3 Thine everlaſting truth,
Father, thy ceaſeleſs love
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What beſt for each will prove;
And whatſoe'er thou will'ſt,
Thou doſt, O King of kings;
What thine unerring wiſdom choſe,
Thy pow'r to being brings.

3 Thou ev'ry where haſt way,
And all things ſerve thy might,
Thy ev'ry act pure bleſſing is,
Thy path unſully'd light.
When thou ariſeſt, Lord,
What ſhall thy work withſtand?
When all thy children want, thou giv'ſt,
Who, who ſhall ſtay thy hand?

HYMN CLXVIII. *Olney.*

PART THE SECOND.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undiſmay'd,
God hears thy ſighs, and counts thy tears,
God ſhall lift up thy head:
Through waves, and clouds and ſtorms,
He gently clears the way;

Wait thou his time, ſo ſhall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart,
Still ſink thy ſpirits down;
Caſt off the weight, let fear depart,
And ev'ry care be gone.
What though thou ruleſt not,
Yet heav'n, and earth and hell
Proclaim, God ſitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his ſov'reign ſway
To chuſe and to command,
So ſhalt thou wond'ring own his way,
How wiſe, how ſtrong his hand!
Far, far above thy thought
His counſel ſhall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needleſs fear.

4 Thou ſeeſt our weakneſs, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the ſinking head,
Confirm the feeble knee;
Let us in life, in death,
Thy ſteadfaſt truth declare,
And publiſh with our lateſt breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

HYMN CLXIX. L. M.

1 GOD of my life, whoſe gracious pow'r
Thro' various deaths my ſoul hath led,
Or turn'd aſide the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my ſinking head!

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast,
Secure within thy arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ! my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heav'n may find,
The heav'n of loving thee alone.

6 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay;
The crooked then shall straight become:
The darkness shall be lost in day!

HYMN CLXX. *Tallis.*

JEHOVAH-JIREH, i. e. *The* LORD *will provide.* GEN. xxii. 14.

1 THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, The Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or ſtore-houſe are fed:
From them let us learn to truſt for our bread:
His ſaints what is fitting ſhall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as it's written, The Lord will provide.

3 We all may, like ſhips, by tempeſt be toſt
On perilous deeps, but need not be loſt:
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet ſcripture engages, The Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old:
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are ſtrangers, we have a ſure guide,
And truſt in all dangers, The Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to ſtop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith:
He cannot take from us (tho' oft he has try'd)
The heart-cheering promiſe, The Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we ſeek, we ne'er ſhall obtain:
But when ſuch ſuggeſtions our graces have try'd
This anſwers all queſtions, The Lord will provide.

7 No ſtrength of our own, nor goodneſs we claim,
Our truſt is all thrown on Jeſus's name;
In this our ſtrong tower for ſafety we hide;
The Lord is our pow'r, The Lord will provide.

8 When life ſinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace ſhall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Chriſt on our ſide,
We hope to die ſhouting, The Lord will pro-[vide.

HYMN CLXXI. *23d Pſalm.*

1 THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care:
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſkip flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſteadfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

HYMN CLXXII. C. M.

1 GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.
3 Ye fearful ſaints, freſh courage take,
The clouds ye ſo much dread
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
In bleſſings on your head.
4 Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a ſmiling face.
5 His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding ev'ry hour:
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flow'r.
6 Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN CLXXIII. *Denbigh.*

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear ſhall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightneſs of his face:
But ſhall I therefore let him go,
And baſely to the tempter yield?
No, in the ſtrength of Jeſus, no,
I never will give up my ſhield.
2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,

The with'ring fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty ſtall no herd afford,
And periſh all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my ſalvation praiſe.

3 Barren although my ſoul remain,
And no one bud of grace appear,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But ſin, and only ſin is here:
Although my gifts and comforts loſt,
My blooming hopes cut off I ſee,
Yet will I in my Saviour truſt,
And glory that he dy'd for me.

4 In hope believing againſt hope,
Jeſus, my Lord, my God, I claim,
Jeſus, my ſtrength, ſhall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jeſu's name;
To me he ſoon ſhall bring it nigh,
My ſoul ſhall then out-ſtrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and ſin behind.

HYMN CLXXIV. C. M.

1 STILL for thy loving-kindneſs Lord,
I in thy temple wait;
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here in thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn thy will:
Silent I ſtand before thy face,
And hear thee ſay, "Be ſtill!"

3 "Be ſtill, and know that I am God!"
'Tis all I live to know!
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And ſpread its praiſe below!
4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve:
The veil of outward things paſs through,
And gaſp in thee to live.
5 I work, and own the labour vain,
And thus from works I ceaſe;
I ſtrive; and ſee my fruitleſs pain,
Till God create my peace.
6 Fruitleſs, till thou thyſelf impart,
Muſt all my efforts prove;
They cannot change a ſinful heart,
They cannot purchaſe love.
7 I do the things thy laws enjoin,
And then the ſtrife give o'er;
To thee I then the whole reſign,
And truſt in means no more.
8 I truſt in him who ſtands between
The Father's wrath and me;
Jeſu, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from thee.

HYMN CLXXV. S. M.

PART THE FIRST.

1 SOLDIERS of Chriſt, ariſe,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the ſtrength which God ſupplies,
Through his eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of Hoſts,
And in his mighty pow'r,

Who in the ſtrength of Jeſus truſts,
Is more than conqueror.
2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his ſtrength endu'd,
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts paſt,
Ye may o'ercome through Chriſt alone,
And ſtand entire at laſt.
3 Stand then againſt your foes,
In cloſe and firm array:
Legions of wily fiends oppoſe
Throughout the evil day;
But meet the ſons of night,
But mock their vain deſign,
Arm'd in the arms of heav'nly light,
Of righteouſneſs divine.
4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakneſs of the ſoul:
Take ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indiſſolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed,
But arm yourſelves with all the mind
That was in Chriſt your head.

HYMN CLXXVI. S. M.

PART THE SECOND.

1 BUT above all lay hold
On faith's victorious ſhield:
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
You're ſure to win the field:

If faith ſurround your heart,
Satan ſhall be ſubdu'd,
Repell'd his ev'ry fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jeſu's blood.

2 Jeſus hath dy'd for you!
What can his love withſtand?
Believe! hold faſt your ſhield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jeſus reigns,
All pow'r to him is giv'n:
Believe, till freed from ſin's remains:
Believe yourſelves to heav'n!

3 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with conſtant care:
Still walking in your Captain's ſight,
And watching unto pray'r;
Ready for all alarms,
Steadfaſtly ſet your face,
And always exerciſe your arms,
And uſe your ev'ry grace.

4 Pray! without ceaſing, pray,
(Your Captain gives the word)
His ſummons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your ev'ry want,
In inſtant pray'r diſplay;
Pray, always pray, and never faint,
Pray! without ceaſing, pray.

HYMN CLXXVI. L. M.

Seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added. Luke xii. 31.

1 PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear:
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed thee last will feed thee still,
Be calm, and sink into his will.

2 The Lord who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim,
"Ask, and receive in Jesu's name."

3 His stores are open all, and free
To such as truly upright be;
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good.

4 Your sacred hairs which are so small,
By God himself are number'd all;
This truth he's publish'd all abroad,
That men may learn to trust the Lord.

5 The ravens daily he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need,
Although they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.

6 Then do not seek with anxious care,
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear;
Your heav'nly Father will you feed,
He knows that all these things you need.

7 Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart;
Then all things else he'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive.

8 Thus ſhall the ſoul be truly bleſt,
That ſeeks in God his only reſt:
May I that happy perſon be,
In time and in eternity!

SUFFERING.

HYMN CLXXVIII. *Traveller.*

1 COME on, my partners in diſtreſs,
My comrades through the wilderneſs,
Who ſtill your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celeſtial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and ſpace,
Look forward to that heav'nly place,
The ſaints' ſecure abode:
On faith's ſtrong eagle-pinions riſe,
And force your paſſage to the ſkies,
And ſcale the mount of God.

3 Who ſuffer with our Maſter here,
We ſhall before his face appear,
And by his ſide ſit down:
To patient faith the prize is ſure;
And all that to the end endure
The croſs, ſhall wear the crown.

4 Thrice bleſſed bliſs, inſpiring hope;
It lifts the fainting ſpirits up:
It brings to life the dead!
Our conflicts here ſhall ſoon be paſt,
And you and I aſcend at laſt
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great myſterious Deity
We ſoon with open face ſhall ſee,
The beatific ſight:
Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praiſe,
And wide diffuſe the golden blaze
Of everlaſting light.
6 The Father ſhining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit one and ſev'n,
Conſpire our rapture to complete;
And lo! we fall before his feet,
And ſilence heightens heav'n.
7 In hope of that ecſtatic pauſe,
Jeſu, we now ſuſtain the croſs,
And at thy footſtool fall,
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our raviſh'd ſpirits fill,
And God is all in all.

HYMN CLXXIX. *Wedneſbury.*

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die,
My ſoul ſhall quit the mournful vale,
And ſoar to worlds on high:
Shall join the diſembody'd ſaints,
And find its long-ſought reſt,
That only bliſs for which it pants
In the Redeemer's breaſt.
2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the croſs ſuſtain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And ſmile at toil and pain.

I ſuffer on my threeſcore years
Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his ſervant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jeſus bought for me!
Before my raviſh'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I ſee,
And trees of paradiſe!
I ſee a world of ſpirits bright,
Who taſte the pleaſures there!
They all are rob'd in ſpotleſs white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my ſuff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd hoſt t' appear,
And worſhip at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give eaſe or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

HYMN CLXXX. *Epworth.*

1 HAPPY ſoul, thy days are ended;
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel-guards attended,
To the ſight of Jeſus, go.

2 Waiting to receive thy ſpirit,
Lo! the Saviour ſtands above,
Shews the purchaſe of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy lateſt paſſion
To thy dear Redeemer's breaſt,
To his uttermoſt ſalvation,
To his everlaſting reſt.

4 For the joy he ſets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

HYMN CLXXXI. *Dying Stephen.*

1 HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee:
Till thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall ſing like thoſe in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With bleſt anticipation;
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praiſe of our ſalvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And paſſing through the fire,
Thy love we praiſe,
Which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands exulting
In thine almighty favour;
The love divine
Which made us thine,
Can keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou doſt conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation:
Nor will we fear,
While thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;
The world, with ſin and Satan,
In vain our march oppoſes;
By thee we ſhall
Break through them all,
And ſing the ſong of Moſes.

4 By faith we ſee the glory
To which thou ſhalt reſtore us,
The croſs deſpiſe
For that high prize
Which thou haſt ſet before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall ſee thee ſtand
At God's right hand,
To take us up to heav'n.

FUNERAL.

HYMN CLXXXII. *Funeral.*

1 AH! lovely appearance of death,
What ſight upon earth is ſo fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare:
With ſolemn delight I ſurvey
The corpſe, when the ſpirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its ſtead.

2 How bleſt is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind;
How eaſy the ſoul that has left
This weariſome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whoſe relics with envy I ſee,
No longer in miſery now,
No longer a ſinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
With ſickneſs, or ſhaken with pain,
The war in the members is o'er,
And never ſhall vex him again:
No anger henceforward, or ſhame,
Shall redden this innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And paſſion is vaniſh'd away.

4 This languiſhing head is at reſt,
Its thinking and aching are o'er,
This quiet immoveable breaſt
Is heav'd by affliction no more;
This heart is no longer the ſeat
Of trouble and torturing pain:
It ceaſes to flutter and beat,
It never ſhall flutter again.

5 The lids he ſo ſeldom could cloſe,
By ſorrow forbidden to ſleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repoſe,
Have ſtrangely forgotten to weep:
The fountains can yield no ſupplies;
Theſe hollows from water are free:
The tears are all wip'd from theſe eyes,
And evil they never ſhall ſee.

9 To mourn and to ſuffer is mine,
While bound in a priſon I breathe,
And ſtill for deliverance pine,
And preſs to the iſſues of death:
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become!
My ſpirit created anew,
My fleſh be conſign'd to the tomb!

HYMN CLXXXIII. *Shepherd of Iſrael.*

1 REJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
Our loſs is his infinite gain;
A ſoul out of priſon releas'd,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With ſongs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his ſpirit above,
Eſcap'd to the manſions of light,
And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Out-flying the tempeſt and wind;
His reſt he hath ſooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind,
Still toſs'd on a ſea of diſtreſs,
Hard toiling to make the bleſt ſhore,
Where all is aſſurance and peace,
And ſorrow and ſin are no more.

3 There all the ſhip's company meet,
Who ſail'd with the Saviour beneath,
With ſhouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is paſt,
The age, that in heaven they ſpend,
For ever and ever ſhall laſt.

HYMN CLXXXIV. *Triumph.*

1 'TIS finiſh'd, 'tis done!
The ſpirit is fled,
The pris'ner is gone,
The Chriſtian is dead:
The Chriſtian is living
Thro' Jeſus's love,
And gladly receiving
A kingdom above.

2 All honor and praiſe
Are Jeſus's due:
Supported by grace,
He fought his way through;
Triumphantly glorious
Through Jeſus's zeal,
And more than victorious
O'er ſin, death, and hell.

3 Then let us record
The conquering name,
Our Captain and Lord
With ſhoutings proclaim;
Who truſt in his paſſion
And follow our Head,
To certain ſalvation
We all ſhall be led.

4 O Jeſus, lead on
Thy militant care,
And give us the crown
Of righteouſneſs there:
Where dazzled with glory
The ſeraphim gaze,
Or proſtrate adore thee,
In ſilence of praiſe.

5 Come Lord, and diſplay,
Thy ſign in the ſky,
And bear us away
To manſions on high:
The kingdom be given,
The purchaſe divine,
And crown us in heaven
Eternally thine.

HYMN CLXXXV. *Sion.*

1 HOSANNA to Jeſus on high!
Another has entered his reſt,
Another has 'ſcap'd to the ſky,
And lodg'd in Immanuel's breaſt:
The ſoul of our ſiſter is gone,
To heighten the triumph above,
Exalted to Jeſus's throne,
And claſp'd in the arms of his love.

2 What fulneſs of rapture is there,
While Jeſus his glory diſplays,
And purples the heavenly air,
And ſcatters the odours of grace!
He looks—and his ſervants in light
The bleſſings ineffable meet:
He ſmiles, and they faint at his ſight,
And fall overwhelm'd at his feet.

3 How happy the angels that fall,
Tranſported at Jeſus's name:
The ſaints whom he ſooneſt ſhall call,
To ſhare in the feaſt of the Lamb!

No longer impriſon'd in clay,
Who next from his dungeon ſhall fly,
Who firſt ſhall be ſummon'd away—
My merciful God—is it I?

4 O Jeſus, if this be thy will,
That ſuddenly I ſhould depart,
Thy counſel of mercy reveal,
And whiſper the call to my heart:
O give me a ſignal to know,
If ſoon thou wouldſt have me remove,
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions above.

HYMN CLXXXVI. *Hamilton's.*

1 HAPPY who in Jeſus live,
But happier ſtill are they
Who to God their ſpirits give,
And 'ſcape from earth away:
Lord, thou read'ſt the panting heart,
Lord, thou hear'ſt the praying ſigh;
O 'tis better to depart,
'Tis better far to die.

2 Yet if ſo thy will ordain
For our companions' good,
Let us in the fleſh remain,
And meekly bear the load;
Till we have our grief fill'd up,
Till we all our works have done,
Late partakers of our hope,
And ſharers of thy throne.

3 To thy wife and gracious will
We quietly ſubmit,
Waiting for redemption ſtill,
But waiting at thy feet:
When thou wilt the bleſſing give,
Call us up thy face to ſee:
Only let thy ſervants live,
And let us die to thee.

For PERSONS *joined in* FELLOWSHIP.

HYMN CLXXXVII. *Builth.*

1 COME away to the ſkies,
My beloved, ariſe,
And rejoice in the day thou waſt born:
On this feſtival day,
Come exulting away,
And with ſinging to Sion return.

2 We have laid up our love
And treaſure above,
Tho' our bodies continue below:
The redeem'd of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with ſinging to paradiſe go.

3 With ſinging we praiſe
The original grace,
By our heav'nly Father beſtow'd
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are
Created to ſhare,
Both the nature and kingdom divine;
Created again,
That our ſouls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve
The deſign of thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jeſus's name;
So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feaſt of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet,
We ſhall ſuddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We ſhall ſing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we ſing
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praiſes repeat;
To the Lamb that was ſlain
Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

8 In aſſurance of hope,
We to Jeſus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air
From our graves we ſhall ſee,
And cry out, "It is he,"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. *Derby.*

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey purſue,
With vigour ariſe,
And preſs to our permanent place in the ſkies;
Of heavenly birth,
Tho' wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place,
But ſtrangers and pilgrims ourſelves we confeſs.

2 At Jeſus's call
We give up our all,
And ſtill we forego,
For Jeſus's ſake, our enjoyments below;
No longing we find
For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And ſtill we are ſeeking a country above.

3 A country of joy,
Without any alloy,
We thither repair,
Our hearts and our treaſure already are there.
We march hand in hand
To Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near!

4 The rougher our way,
The ſhorter our ſtay;
The tempeſts that riſe
Shall glorioufly hurry our ſouls to the ſkies;
The fiercer the blaſt,
The ſooner 'tis paſt,
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our reſcue, and haſten us home.

HYMN CLXXXIX. *Builth.*

1 COME, let us aſcend,
My companion and friend,
To taſte of the banquet above!
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jeſus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jeſus confide,
We are bold to out-ride
The ſtorms of affliction beneath!
With the prophet we ſoar
To the heavenly ſhore,
And out-fly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home:
By hope we the rapture improve;
By love we ſtill riſe,
And look down on the ſkies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive,
How happy we live
In the palace of God, the great King!
What a concert of praiſe,
When our Jeſus's grace
The whole heavenly company ſing!

5 What a rapturous ſong,
When the glorify'd throng
In the ſpirit of harmony join!
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine.

6 Hallelujah they cry,
To the king of the ſky,
To the great everlaſting I AM;
To the Lamb that was ſlain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

7 The Lamb on the throne,
Lo! he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleaſure he leads;
With his mercy's full blaze,
With the ſight of his face,
Our beatify'd ſpirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name;
Our bodies his glory diſplay;
A day without night
We feaſt in his ſight,
And eternity ſeems as a day!

HYMN CXC. C. M.

1 JESUS, great Shepherd of the ſheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in ſafety keep,
For O the wolf is nigh!

2 He comes, of helliſh malice full,
To ſcatter, tear, and ſlay;
He ſeizes ev'ry ſtraggling ſoul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm;
Unleſs the fold we firſt forſake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to ſcorn his cruel pow'r,
While by our Shepherd's ſide;
The ſheep he never can devour,
Unleſs he firſt divide.

5 O do not ſuffer him to part
The ſouls that here agree!
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us ſweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a ſtarry crown receive,
And reign above the ſky.

HYMN CXCI. C. M.

1 TRY us, O God, and ſearch the ground
Of ev'ry ſinful heart;
Whate'er of ſin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we ſtray,
Leave us not comfortleſs;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlaſting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's croſs to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little ſtock improve;
Increaſe our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou haſt made us free indeed,
And ſpotleſs here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the ſanctify'd.

HYMN CXCII. *Cardiff.*

1 THOU God of truth and love,
We ſeek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice t' approve,
Thy providence t' obey,
Enter into thy wiſe deſign,
And ſweetly loſe our will in thine.

2 Why haſt thou caſt our lot
In the ſame age and place?
And why together brought
To ſee each other's face;
To join with ſofteſt ſympathy;
And mix our friendly ſouls in thee?

3 Didſt thou not make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain,
Till all thy utmoſt goodneſs prove,
And riſe renew'd in perfect love?

4 Surely thou didſt unite
Our kindred ſpirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear:

Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy glorious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
The bleſſed end in view,
And join with mutual care,
To fight our paſſage through;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the ſtarry crown.

6 O may the Spirit ſeal
Our ſouls unto that day!
With all thy fulneſs fill,
And then tranſport away!
Away to our eternal reſt,
Away to our Redeemer's breaſt!

HYMN CXCIII. *Hamilton's.*

1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good,
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his ſpeaking blood!
Give us that for which he prays;
Father, glorify thy Son;
Shew his truth, and pow'r, and grace;
And ſend the promiſe down.

2 True and Faithful Witneſs, thou,
O Chriſt, the ſpirit give!
Haſt thou not receiv'd him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not our living Head?
Life to all thy Limbs impart;
Shed thy love, thy Spirit ſhed,
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghoſt, the Comforter,
The gift of Jeſus, come:
Glows our heart to find thee near,
And ſwells to make thee room:
Preſent with us thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be!
With us, in us, live and dwell
To all eternity.

HYMN CXCIV. *Hotham.*

1 JESU, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Shew thyſelf the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars for ever ceaſe.

2 By thy reconciling love
Ev'ry ſtumbling block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come and ſpread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word;
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love expreſs,
All the heights of holineſs.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Shew how true believers die.

HYMN CXCV. C. M.

1 JESU, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our pray'r is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,
A band of love, a three-fold cord;
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink:
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.

4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever tow'rds each other move,
And ever move tow'rds thee.

5 To thee inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee, receive!

6 This is the bond of perfectness,
Thy spotless charity:
O let us still, we pray, possess
The mind that was in thee!

7 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove;
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love.

8 With ease our souls thro' death shall glide
Into their paradise;
And thence on wings of angels ride
Triumphant thro' the skies.

9 Yet when the fullest joy is giv'n,
The same delight we prove;
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our All in All is love.

HYMN CXCVI. *Love-Feast.*

PART THE FIRST.

1 COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine!
Give we all with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live and love;
Call'd we are their joys to prove;
Sav'd with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jeſu's name,
Now as yeſterday the ſame:
One in ev'ry time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Chriſt our maſter ſtand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confeſs;
We are Jeſu's witneſſes.

4 Witneſſes that Chriſt hath dy'd;
We with him are crucify'd:
Chriſt haſt burſt the bands of death;
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe;
Chriſt is now gone up on high;
Thither all our wiſhes fly;
Sits at God's right hand above;
There with him we reign in love.

HYMN CXCVII. *Foundery.*

PART THE SECOND.

1 COME, thou high and lofty Lord:
Lowly, meek, incarnate word;
Humbly ſtoop to earth again;
Come and viſit abject man!
Jeſu, dear expected gueſt,
Thou art bidden to the feaſt;
For thyſelf our hearts prepare!
Come, and ſit, and banquet there.

2 Jeſu, we thy promiſe claim:
We are met in thy great name:
In the midſt do thou appear,
Manifeſt thy preſence here!

Sanctify us Lord, and bleſs,
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace:
Thou thyſelf within us move!
Make our feaſt a feaſt of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound;
Let in us thy bowels ſound;
Faith, and love, and joy increaſe,
Temperance and gentleneſs;
Plant in us thy humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind:
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodneſs, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete:
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet t' appear before thy ſight,
Partners with the ſaints in light;
Call, O call us each by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb:
Let us lean upon thy breaſt;
Love be there our endleſs feaſt.

HYMN CXCVIII. C. M.

1 COME, let us uſe the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourſelves to Chriſt the Lord:

2 Give up ourſelves thro' Jeſu's pow'r,
His name to glorify,
And promiſe in this ſacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind;

We will no more our God forſake,
Or caſt his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear
Who hears our ſolemn vow;
And if thou art well-pleas'd to hear,
Come down and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Let all our hearts receive;
Preſent with the celeſtial hoſt,
The peaceful anſwer give.

6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our ſins away;
And regiſter our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

HYMN CXCIX. L. M.

On admitting a NEW MEMBER.

1 BROTHER in Chriſt, and well-belov'd,
To Jeſus and his ſervants dear,
Enter and ſhew thyſelf approv'd;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 'Scap'd from the world, redeem'd from ſin,
By fiends purſu'd, by men abhorr'd,
Come in, poor fugitive, come in,
And ſhare the portion of thy Lord.

3 Welcome from earth!—lo, the right hand
Of fellowſhip to thee we give!
With open arms and hearts we ſtand,
And thee in Jeſu's name receive.

4 Say, is thy heart reſolv'd as ours?
Then let it burn with ſacred love:
Then let it taſte the heav'nly pow'rs,
Partaker of the joys above.

5 Jeſu, attend, thyſelf reveal!
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midſt we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the ſpreading flame.

6 Thou God, that anſwereſt by fire,
The ſpirit of burning now impart,
And let the flames of pure deſire
Riſe from the altar of each heart.

7 Truly our fellowſhip below,
With thee and with the Father is:
In thee eternal life we know,
And heav'n's unutterable bliſs.

8 In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above;—
And I ſhall then behold thee near,
And I ſhall all be loſt in love.

HYMN CC. *Hotham.*

On viſiting a FRIEND.

1 PEACE be on this houſe beſtow'd,
Peace on all that here reſide;
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide!
Let the Spirit now come down:
Let the bleſſing now take place;
Son of peace receive thy crown,
Fulneſs of the goſpel-grace.

2 Chriſt, my maſter, and my Lord,
Let me thy forerunner be;
O be mindful of thy word,
Viſit them, and viſit me!
To this houſe, and all herein,
Now let thy ſalvation come!
Save our ſouls from inbred ſin!
Make us thy eternal home!

3 Let us never, never reſt,
Till the promiſe is fulfill'd:
Till we are of thee poſſeſs'd,
Pardon'd, ſanctify'd, and ſeal'd!
Till we all, in love renew'd,
Find the pearl that Adam loſt,
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt!

HYMN CCI. C. M.

PARTING.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part!
Our bodies may far off remove,
We ſtill are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one ſpirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And ſtill in Jeſu's footſteps tread,
And ſhew his praiſe below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beſide,
Nothing deſire, nothing eſteem,
But Jeſus crucify'd!

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

HYMN CCII. *Trumpet.*

1 JESUS, accept the praise
That to thy name belongs;
Matter of all our praise,
Subject of all our songs:
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy name.

2 In flesh we part a while,
But still in spirit join'd,
T' embrace the happy toil,
Thou hast to each assign'd:
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

3 O let us then go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And arm'd with patience, run
With joy the appointed race!
Keep us and ev'ry seeking soul,
Till all attain the heav'ly goal.

4 There we ſhall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more.
We ſhall with all our brethren riſe,
And graſp thee in the flaming ſkies.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home!
The heavens ſhall paſs away:
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we ſhall view and heav'n deſtroy'd,
And ſhout above the fiery void.

6 Then let us wait the ſound
That ſhall our ſouls releaſe,
And labour to be found
Of him in ſpotleſs peace:
In perfect holineſs renew'd,
Adorn'd with Chriſt, and meet for God.

HYMN CCIII. C. M.

Waiting for the Spirit of Adoption.

1 ALL glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceaſing praiſe,
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to feel thy grace.

2 With this cold ſtony heart of mine,
Jeſus, to thee I flee!
And to thy grace my ſoul reſign,
To be renew'd by thee.

3 Give me to hide my bluſhing face,
While thy dear croſs appears;
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs,
And melt my eyes to tears.

4 O may the uncorrupted ſeed
Abide and reign within;
And thy life-giving word forbid
My new-born ſoul to ſin.

5 Father, I wait before thy throne;
Call me a child of thine!
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

6 There ſhed thy promis'd love abroad,
And make my comfort ſtrong;
Then ſhall I ſay, "My Father, God!"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

BIRTH-DAY.

HYMN CCIV. *Reſurrection.*

1 GOD of my life, to thee
My cheerful ſoul I raiſe;
Thy goodneſs bade me be,
And ſtill prolongs my days;
I ſee my natal hour return,
And bleſs the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my bleſſings came;
Creating and preſerving grace
Let all that is within me praiſe.

3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee, O let me live;
To thee my ev'ry breath
In thanks and praiſes give!
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 My ſoul and all its pow'rs,
Thine, wholly thine ſhall be;
All, all my happy hours
I conſecrate to thee:
Me to thine image now reſtore,
And I ſhall praiſe thee evermore.

5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heav'n;
In Chriſt a creature new,
Eternally forgiv'n;
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All ſanctify'd by ſinleſs love.

6 Then when the work is done,
The work of faith with pow'r,
Receive thy favour'd ſon
In death's triumphant hour:
Like Moſes to thyſelf convey,
And kiſs my raptur'd ſoul away.

HYMN CCV. *Builth.*

1 AWAY with our fears,
The glad morning appears,
When an heir of ſalvation was born!
From Jehovah I came,
For his glory I am,
And to him I with ſinging return.

2 Thee, Jeſus, alone,
The fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here;
And cheerfully ſing
My Redeemer and King,
'Till his ſigns in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice
In thy fatherly choice,
Of my ſtate and condition below;
If of parents I came
Who honour'd thy name,
'Twas thy wiſdom appointed it ſo.

4 I ſing of thy grace,
From my earlieſt days,
Ever near to allure and defend;
Hitherto thou haſt been
My preſerver from ſin,
And I truſt thou wilt ſave to the end.

5 O the infinite cares,
And temptations, and ſnares,
Thy hand hath conducted me through!
O the bleſſing beſtow'd
By a bountiful God,
And the mercies eternally new;

6 What a mercy is this,
What a heaven of bliſs,
How unſpeakably happy am I!
Gather'd into the fold,
With thy people enroll'd,
With thy people to live and to die!
7 O the goodneſs of God,
In employing a clod
His tribute of glory to raiſe!
His ſtandard to bear,
And with triumph declare
His unſpeakable riches of grace!
8 O the fathomleſs love,
That has deign'd to approve
And proſper the work of my hands!
With my paſtoral crook
I went over the brook,
And behold! I am ſpread into bands.
9 Who, I aſk, in amaze,
Has begotten me theſe?
And enquire from what quarter they came?
My full heart it replies,
They are born from the ſkies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.
10 All honour and praiſe
To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son, I return:
The buſineſs purſue
He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.
11 In a rapture of joy
My life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim:

'Tis worth living for this,
To administer bliss,
And salvation in Jesus's name.

12 My remnant of days
I spend in his praise,
Who dy'd the whole world to redeem;
Be they many or few,
My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him!

BACKSLIDER.

HYMN CCVI. *Builth.*

PART THE FIRST.

1 HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express,
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas an heaven below
My Saviour to know;
The angels could do nothing more
Than fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jeſus all the day long
Was my joy and my ſong;
O, that all his ſalvation might ſee!
He hath lov'd me, I cry'd,
He hath ſuffer'd and dy'd,
To reclaim ſuch a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All ſin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever ſhould grieve,
That I ever ſhould ſuffer again.

6 I rode on the ſky,
Freely juſtify'd I,
Nor envy'd Elijah his ſeat:
My ſoul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour poſſeſt,
I was perfectly bleſt,
As if fill'd with the fulneſs of God.

HYMN CCVII. *Builth.*

PART THE SECOND.

1 AH! where am I now?
When was it or how
That I fell from my heaven of grace?
I am brought into thrall,
I am ſtript of my All,
I am baniſh'd from Jeſus's face.

2 Hardly yet do I know
How I let my Lord go,
So inſenſibly ſtarting aſide,
When the tempter came in
With his own ſubtle ſin,
And infected my ſpirit with pride.

3 But I felt it too ſoon,
That my Saviour was gone,
Swiftly vaniſhing out of my ſight;
My triumph and boaſt
On a ſudden were loſt,
And my day it was turn'd into night.

4 Only pride could deſtroy
That innocent joy,
And make my Redeemer depart:
But whate'er was the cauſe,
I lament the ſad loſs,
For the veil is come over my heart.

5 Ah! wretch that I am!
I can only exclaim,
Like a devil tormented within,
My Saviour is gone,
And has left me alone,
To the fury of Satan and ſin.

6 Nothing now can relieve,
Without comfort I grieve,
I have loſt all my peace and my pow'r:
No acceſs do I find
To the friend of mankind:
I can aſk for his mercy no more.

7 Tongue cannot declare
The torment I bear,
(While no end of my troubles I ſee)

Only Adam could tell
On the day that he fell,
And was turn'd out of Eden like me!
8 Driven out from my God,
I wander abroad,
Thro' a desert of sorrows I rove;
And how great is my pain,
That I cannot regain
My Eden of Jesus's love!
9 I never shall rise
To my first paradise,
Or come my Redeemer to see:
But I feel a faint hope,
That at last he will stoop,
And his pity shall bring him to me.

HYMN CCVIII. *Funeral.*

1 HOW shall a lost sinner in pain,
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a second release?
Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare such a rebel as me?
And O! can I possibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee!
2 O Jesus, of thee I require,
If still thou art able to save,
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ransom my soul from the grave,
The help of thy Spirit restore,
And shew me the life-giving blood,
And pardon a sinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.

3 O Jeſus, in pity draw near,
Come quickly to help a loſt ſoul,
To comfort a mourner appear,
And make a poor Lazarus whole:
The balm of thy mercy apply,
(Thou ſeeſt the ſore anguiſh I feel)
Save, Lord, or I periſh, I die,
O ſave, or I ſink into hell!

4 I ſink, if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to ſhow;
Come quickly, and kindly diſplay
The pow'r of thy paſſion below.
By all thou haſt done for my ſake,
One drop of thy blood I implore;
Now, now let it touch me, and make
The ſinner a ſinner no more.

HYMN CCIX. *12th Pſalm.*

For the Morning.

1 WHERE is my God, my joy, my hope,
The dear deſire of nations, where?
Jeſus, to thee my ſoul looks up,
To thee directs her morning pray'r;
And ſpreads her arms of faith abroad,
T' embrace my hope, my joy, my God!

2 Mine eyes prevent the morning-ray,
Looking, and longing for thy word;
Come, O my Jeſus, come away,
And let my heart receive its Lord;
Which pants and ſtruggles to be free,
And breaks to be detain'd from thee.

3 Appear in me, bright Morning-Star,
And ſcatter all the ſhades of night!
I ſaw thee once, and came from far,
But quickly loſt thy tranſient light!
And now again in darkneſs pine,
Till thou throughout my nature ſhine.

4 In patient hope I now take heed
To the ſure word of promis'd grace,
Whoſe rays a feeble luſtre ſhed,
Faint glimmering thro' the darkſome place;
Till thou thy glorious light impart,
And riſe the Day-Star in my heart.

5 Come, Lord, be manifeſted here,
And all the devil's works deſtroy;
Now without ſin in me appear,
And fill with everlaſting joy:
Thy beatific face diſplay,
Thy preſence is the perfect day.

A PARENT'S PRAYER.

HYMN CCX. C. M.

1 GOD only wiſe, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our ſteps aright:

2 To ſteer our dang'rous courſe between
The rocks on either hand:
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.

3 Made apt by thy ſufficient grace
To teach as taught by thee,
We come to train in all thy ways,
Our riſing progeny.

4 Their ſelfiſh will in time ſubdue,
And mortify their pride;
And lend their youth a ſacred clew
To find the crucify'd!

5 We would in ev'ry ſtep look up,
By thy example taught,
T' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.

6 We would perſuade their hearts t' obey,
With mildeſt zeal proceed;
And never take the harſher way,
When love will do the deed.

7 For this we aſk, in faith ſincere,
The wiſdom from above,
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure, ingenuous love!

8 To watch their will to ſenſe inclin'd,
Withhold the hurtful food;
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their ſouls to God.

NATIVITY.

HYMN CCXI. *Build.*

1 ALL hail! happy day,
When enrob'd in our clay,
The Redeemer appear'd upon earth:

How can we refrain
For to join the glad ſtrain,
And to hail our Immanuel's birth?

2 How boundleſs that love,
Firſt begotten above,
And thro' Jeſus to ſinners made known!
Lift, lift up the voice,
And exulting rejoice,
For Jehovah to earth is come down.

3 Ye angels of God,
Sound his praiſes abroad,
And acknowledge him JAH, the I AM;
We alſo will join
In a hymn ſo divine,
Giving glory to God and the Lamb.

4 To Chriſt we will ſing,
As our High-Prieſt and King,
And our Prophet to teach us the road:
But more than all this,
For almighty he is,
And we own him our crucify'd God.

5 To Jeſus's praiſe
Let us ſpend all our days,
For 'tis he who our ſurety hath ſtood:
He ſojourned below,
That his mercy might flow,
And he purchas'd our pardon with blood.

6 O may the return
Of this once bleſſed morn,
Be for ever remember'd with joy!
Sweet accents of praiſe
All our voices ſhall raiſe,
Hallelujahs ſhall be our employ!

7 Let echo prolong
The harmonious ſong,
Hallelujahs again and again:
He kindles the fire,
Whom the nations deſire,
And to him we devote the glad ſtrain.

8 Bleſt Jeſus, while we
Pay our tribute to thee,
Let us worſhip, admire and adore:
Accept as thy crown,
What before was thy own,
Hallelujahs and praiſe evermore.

HYMN CCXII. *Saliſbury.*

1 HARK! the herald-angels ſing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
"God and ſinners reconcil'd."
Joyful, all ye nations, riſe,
Join the triumphs of the ſkies,
With th' angelic hoſt proclaim,
"Chriſt is born in Bethlehem."

2 Chriſt, by higheſt heav'n ador'd,
Chriſt the everlaſting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veil'd in fleſh, the Godhead ſee,
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
Jeſus our Immanuel here.

3 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of righteouſneſs!

Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die;
Born to raiſe the ſons of earth,
Born to give them ſecond birth.

Come, deſire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Riſe, the woman's conqu'ring ſeed,
Bruiſe in us the ſerpent's head:
Adam's likeneſs now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Reinſtate us in thy love.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

HYMN CCXIII. *Lenox.*

THE Lord of earth and ſky,
The God of ages praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endleſs days;
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And ſpares us yet another year.

Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holineſs
On our dead ſouls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy ſpare,
Another, and another year.

3 When juſtice bar'd the ſword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cry'd, let it ſtill alone!
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And ſpares us yet another year.

4 Jeſu, thy ſpeaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath beſtow'd
On us a longer ſpace:
Thou didſt in our behalf appear,
And lo, we ſee another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praiſe abound;
O let us all thy praiſe declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN CCXIV. *Corniſh.*

1 SING to the great Jehovah's praiſe!
All praiſe to him belongs;
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choiceſt ſongs,
Whoſe providence has brought us through
Another various year:
We all with vows, and anthems new,
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies paſt we own,
Thy ſtill continued care;
To thee preſenting, thro' thy Son,
Whate'er we have, or are;

Our lips and lives ſhall gladly ſhow
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jeſu's ſteps we go
To ſeek thy face above.

3 Our reſidue of days or hours,
Thine, wholly thine ſhall be,
And all our conſecrated pow'rs
A ſacrifice to Thee,
Till Jeſus in the clouds appear
To ſaints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand ſabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

GOOD-FRIDAY.

HYMN CCXV. C. M.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that ſacred head
For ſuch a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his glories in;
When Chriſt the mighty maker dy'd
For man the creature's ſin!

4 Thus might I hide my bluſhing face,
While his dear croſs appears:
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myſelf away;
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN CCXVI. C. M.

A Prayer for Faith.

1 FATHER, I ſtretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyſelf from me,
Ah! whither ſhall I go?
2 What did thy only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labour to ſecure
My ſoul from endleſs death!
3 O Jeſu, could I this believe,
I now ſhould feel thy pow'r;
Now my poor ſoul thou wouldſt retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.
4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes,
O let me now receive that gift;
My ſoul without it dies.
5 Surely thou canſt not let me die;
O ſpeak, and I ſhall live!
And here I will unweary'd lie;
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 The worſt of ſinners would rejoice,
Could they but ſee thy face;
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taſte thy pard'ning grace!

HYMN CCXVII. S. M.

Sincere Praiſe.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
How glorious is thy name!
Thy wonders how diffus'd abroad
Throughout creation's frame!

2 In native white and red,
The roſe and lily ſtand,
And free from pride their beauties ſpread,
To ſhow thy ſkilful hand.

3 The lark mounts up the ſky
With unambitious ſong,
And bears her Maker's praiſe on high,
Upon her artleſs tongue.

4 Fain would I riſe and ſing
To my Creator too;
Fain would my heart adore my King,
And give him praiſes due.

5 But pride that buſy ſin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd pride that creeps ſecurely in,
And ſwells a haughty worm.

6 Thy glories I abate,
Or praiſe thee with deſign,
Part of thy favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

7 Create my ſoul anew,
Elſe all my worſhip's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er prove true
Till it be form'd again.

8 Deſcend, celeſtial fire,
And ſeize me from above!
Wrap me in flames of pure deſire,
A ſacrifice of love.

9 Let joy and worſhip ſpend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God my ſoul aſcend,
In ſweet perfumes of praiſe.

HYMN CCXVIII. *Tallis.*

1 YE heavens rejoice in Jeſus's grace,
Let earth make a noiſe and echo his praiſe;
Our all-loving Saviour hath pacify'd God,
And paid for his favour the price of his blood.

2 Ye mountains and vales, in praiſes abound,
Ye hills and ye dales, continue the ſound:
Break forth into ſinging, ye trees of the wood,
For Jeſus is bringing loſt ſinners to God.

3 Atonement he made for every one,
The debt he hath paid, the work he hath done,
Shout all the creation below and above,
Aſcribing ſalvation to Jeſus's love.

4 His mercy hath brought ſalvation to all,
Who take it unbought he frees them from thrall,
Throughout the believer his glory diſplays,
And perfects for ever the veſſels of grace.

HYMN CCXIX. L. M.

Inconstancy.

1 LORD Jesu, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passions cease,
And my free soul enjoy thy peace?

2 Here I repent and sin again;
Now I revive, and now am slain;
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which Oh! too often wounds my heart.

3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be
A garden seal'd to all but thee?
No more expos'd, no more undone;
But live and grow to thee alone?

4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force;
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By thee my way, to thee my end.

HYMN CCXX. S. M.

A Morning Hymn.

1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error, and of vice,
Which shade the universe!

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and ſad before!
With joy we view the pleaſing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the riſing day,
Or Jeſu's blood, like ev'ning dew,
Waſh all the ſtains away.

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors paſt,
And live this ſhort revolving day,
As if it were our laſt.

6 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit one in three,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And ſhall for ever be.

HYMN CCXXI. C. M.

An Evening Hymn.

1 ALL praiſe to him who dwells in bliſs,
Who made both day and night;
Whoſe throne is darkneſs in the abyſs
Of uncreated light.

2 Each thought and deed his piercing eyes
With ſtricteſt ſearch ſurvey;
The deepeſt ſhades no more diſguiſe
Than the full blaze of day.

3 Whom thou doſt guard, O King of kings,
No evil ſhall moleſt:
Under the ſhadow of thy wings
Shall they ſecurely reſt:

4 Thy angels ſhall around their beds
Their conſtant ſtations keep:
Thy faith and truth ſhall ſhield their heads,
For thou doſt never ſleep.

5 May we with calm and ſweet repoſe,
And heavenly thoughts refreſh'd,
Our eye-lids with the morn's uncloſe,
And bleſs thee, ever bleſs'd.

SACRAMENTAL.

HYMN CCXXII. *Welſh.*

1 IN that ſad memorable night,
When Jeſus was for us betray'd,
He left his death recording rite,
He took and bleſs'd and brake the bread,
And gave his own their laſt bequeſt,
And thus his love's intent expreſs'd:

2 Take, eat, this is my body given,
To purchaſe life and peace for you,
Pardon and holineſs and heaven;
Do this, my dying love to ſhew,
Accept your precious legacy,
And thus, my friends, remember me.

3 He took into his hands the cup,
To crown the ſacramental feaſt,
And full of kind concern look'd up,
And gave what he to them had bleſt;
And drink ye all of this, he ſaid,
In ſolemn mem'ry of the dead.

4 This is my blood which ſeals the new
Eternal cov'nant of my grace,
My blood ſo freely ſhed for you,
For you and all the ſinful race;
My blood that ſpeaks your ſins forgiven,
And juſtifies your claim to heaven.

HYMN CCXXIII. S. M.

1 LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paſchal Lamb:
Our paſſover was ſlain
At Salem's hallow'd place,
Yet we who in our tents remain,
Shall gain his largeſt grace.

2 This euchariſtic feaſt
Our every want ſupplies,
And ſtill we by his death are bleſt,
And ſhare his ſacrifice:
By faith his fleſh we eat
Who here his paſſion ſhow,
And God out of his holy ſeat
Shall all his gifts beſtow.

3 Who thus our faith employ
His ſufferings to record,
Ev'n now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord;
As though we ev'ry one
Beneath his croſs had ſtood,
And ſeen him heave and heard him groan,
And felt his guſhing blood.

4 O God! 'tis finiſh'd now!
The mortal pang is paſt!
By faith his head we ſee him bow,
And hear him breathe his laſt!
We too with him are dead,
And ſhall with him ariſe,
The croſs on which he bows his head,
Shall lift us to the ſkies.

HYMN CCXXIV. *Hamilton's.*

1 ROCK of Iſrael, cleft for me,
For us, for all mankind,
See, thy feebleſt followers ſee,
Who call thy death to mind;
Sion is the very land;
Us beneath thy ſhade receive,
Grant us in the cleft to ſtand,
And by thy dying live.

2 In this howling wilderneſs,
On Calvary's ſteep top,
Made a curſe, our ſouls to bleſs,
Thou once waſt lifted up;
Stricken there by Moſes' rod,
Wounded by a deadly blow,
Guſhing ſtreams of life o'erflow'd
The thirſty world below.

3 Rivers of ſalvation ſtill
Along the deſert roll,
Rivers to refreſh and heal
The fainting, ſinking ſoul;

Still the fountain of thy blood
Stands for ſinners open'd wide,
Now, e'en now, my Lord, and God,
I waſh me in thy ſide.

4 Now, e'en now, we all plunge in,
And drink the purple wave;
This is the antidote of ſin,
'Tis this our ſouls ſhall ſave:
With the life of Jeſus fed,
Lo! from ſtrength to ſtrength we riſe,
Follow'd by our Rock, and led
To meet him in the ſkies.

HYMN CCXXV. L. M.

1 AUTHOR of our ſalvation, thee
With lowly thankful hearts we praiſe,
Author of this great myſtery,
Figure and means of ſaving grace.

2 The ſacred true effectual ſign,
Thy body and thy blood it ſhows,
The glorious inſtrument divine
Thy mercy and thy ſtrength beſtows.

3 We ſee the blood that ſeals our peace,
Thy pard'ning mercy we receive:
The bread doth viſibly expreſs
The ſtrength through which our ſpirits live.

4 Our ſpirits drink a freſh ſupply,
And eat the bread ſo freely given,
Till borne on eagle's wings we fly,
And banquet with our Lord in heaven.

HYMN CCXXVI. C. M.

1 O THOU, who this myſterious bread
Didſt in Emmaus break,
Return herewith our ſouls to feed,
And to thy followers ſpeak.

2 Unſeal the volume of thy grace,
Apply the goſpel-word,
Open our eyes to ſee thy face,
Our hearts to know thee, Lord.

3 Of thee we commune ſtill, and mourn
Till thou the veil remove,
Talk with us, and our hearts ſhall burn,
With flames of fervent love.

4 Enkindle now the heavenly zeal,
And make thy mercy known,
And give our pardon'd ſouls to feel
That God and love are one.

HYMN CCXXVII. C. M.

1 JESUS, at whoſe ſupreme command
We thus approach to God,
Before us in thy veſture ſtand,
Thy veſture dipt in blood.

2 Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallow'd bread,
Commemorate our dying Lord,
And truſt on thee to feed.

3 Now, Saviour, now thyſelf reveal,
And make thy nature known,
Affix the ſacramental ſeal,
And ſtamp us for thine own.

4 The tokens of thy dying love
O let us all receive,
And feel the quick'ning ſpirit move,
And ſenſibly believe.

5 The cup of bleſſing bleſt by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy myſtic body be,
And cheer each languid heart.

6 The grace which ſure ſalvation brings,
Let us herewith receive;
Satiate the hungry with good things,
The hidden manna give.

HYMN CCXXVIII. *Plymouth.*

1 WHO is this that comes from far,
Clad in garments dipt in blood?
Strong triumphant traveller,
Is he man, or is he God?

2 "I that ſpeak in righteouſneſs,
Son of God and man I am,
"Mighty to redeem your race:
"Jeſus is your Saviour's name."

3 Wherefore are thy garments red,
Dy'd as in a crimſon ſea?
They that in a wine-vat tread,
Are not ſtain'd ſo much as thee.

4 "I the Father's fav'rite Son,
"Have the dreadful wine-preſs trod,
"Borne the vengeful wrath alone,
"All the fierceſt wrath of God."

HYMN CCXXIX. *Plymouth.*

1 JESU, dear redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word,
In thine ordinance appear,
Come and meet thy followers here.

2 In the rite thou haſt enjoin'd,
Let us now our Saviour find;
Drink thy blood, for ſinners ſhed,
Taſte thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare,
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare;
Thou that haſt for ſinners dy'd,
Shew thyſelf the crucify'd!

4 All the power of ſin remove,
Fill us with thy perfect love,
Stamp us with the ſtamp divine,
Seal our ſouls for ever thine.

HYMN CCXXX. S. M.

1 JESU, we thus obey
Thy laſt and kindeſt word,
Here in thine own appointed way,
We come to meet our Lord.

2 The way thou haſt enjoin'd,
Thou wilt therein appear:
We come with confidence to find
Thy ſpecial preſence here.

3 Whate'er the Almighty can
To pardon'd ſinners give,
The fulneſs of our God made man
We here with Chriſt receive.

EXHORTING AND BESEECHING TO RETURN TO GOD.

HYMN CCXXXI. *Tallis.*

1 O ALL that pass by, to Jesus draw near,
He utters a cry, ye sinners, give ear!
From hell to retrieve you he spreads out his hands:
Now, now to receive you, he graciously stands.

2 If any man thirst, and happy would be,
The vilest and worst may come unto me;
May drink of my spirit (excepted is none)
Lay claim to my merit, and take for his own.

3 Whoever receives the life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, his God and his Lord,
In him a pure river of life shall arise,
Shall in the believer spring up to the skies.

4 My God, and my Lord! thy call I obey;
My soul on thy word of promise I stay:
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,
A thirst for salvation, salvation by grace.

5 O hasten the hour! send down from above
The spirit of power, of health, and of love;
Of filial fear, of knowledge and grace;
Of wisdom, of prayer, of joy, and of praise!

6 The ſpirit of faith, of faith in thy blood,
Which ſaves us from wrath, and brings us to God;
Removes the huge mountain of indwelling ſin,
And opens a fountain that waſhes us clean.

HYMN CCXXXII. *Tallis.*

1 THY faithfulneſs, Lord, each moment we find,
So true to thy word, ſo loving and kind!
Thy mercy ſo tender to all the loſt race,
The fouleſt offender may turn and find grace.

2 The mercy I feel, to others I ſhew:
I ſet to my ſeal that Jeſus is true:
Ye all may find favour, who come at his call;
O come to my Saviour: his grace is for all.

3 To ſave what was loſt from heaven he came;
Come, ſinners, and truſt in Jeſus's name!
He offers you pardon, he bids you be free!
If ſin be your burden, O come unto me!

4 O let me commend my Saviour to you,
The publican's friend, and advocate too:
For you he is pleading his merits and death,
With God interceding for ſinners beneath.

5 Then let us ſubmit his grace to receive,
Fall down at his feet, and gladly believe;
We all are forgiven for Jeſus's ſake:
Our title to heaven his merit we make.

Describing the Pleasantness of Religion.

HYMN CCXXXIII. *Triumph.*

1 REJOICE evermore with angels above,
In Jesus's pow'r, in Jesus's love:
With glad exultation your triumph proclaim,
Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb!

2 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast been:
Hast sav'd us from grief, hast sav'd us from sin:
The pow'r of thy Spirit hath set our hearts free,
And now we inherit all fulness in thee.

3 All fulness of peace, all fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss that never shall cloy,
To us it is given in Jesus to know
A kingdom of heaven, a heaven below.

4 No longer we join, while sinners invite,
Nor envy the swine their brutish delight;
Their joy is all sadness, their mirth is all vain;
Their laughter is madness, their pleasure is pain.

5 O might they at last with sorrow return,
The pleasures to taste for which they were born:
Our Jesus receiving, our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, the heaven of love.

HYMN CCXXXIV. *Dedication.*

1 WEARY souls that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucify'd,
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God!

2 Find in Chriſt the way of peace,
Peace unſpeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you eaſe,
Life by his expiring groan;
Riſe exalted by his fall,
Find in Chriſt your all in all.
3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too:
Find on earth the life of heaven;
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.
4 This the univerſal bliſs,
Bliſs for every ſoul deſign'd:
God's original promiſe this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Bleſt in Chriſt this moment be!
Bleſt to all eternity!

HYMN CCXXXV. *Kingswood.*

Deſcribing of Judgment.

1 STAND th' omnipotent decree!
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to ſee,
And hear her final groan:
Let this earth diſſolve and blend
In death the wicked and the juſt,
Let thoſe pond'rous orbs deſcend,
And grind us into duſt.
2 Reſts ſecure the righteous man:
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to emerge and riſe again,
And mount above the wreck.

Lo! the heavenly ſpirit towers,
Like flames o'er nature's fun'ral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!
3 Nothing hath the juſt to loſe
By worlds on worlds deſtroy'd,
For beneath his feet he views
With ſmiles the flaming void;
Sees this univerſe renew'd,
The grand millenial year begun;
Shouts with all the ſons of God
Around th' eternal throne!
4 Reſting in this glorious hope
To be at laſt reſtor'd,
Yield we now our bodies up
To earthquake, plague, or ſword,
Liſt'ning for the call divine,
The lateſt trumpet of the ſeven;
Soon our ſoul and duſt ſhall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

HYMN CCXXXVI. *Funeral.*

Deſcribing of Heaven.

1 I LONG to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above,
The King in his beauty diſplay'd,
His beauty of holieſt love:
I languiſh and ſigh to be there,
Where Jeſus hath fix'd his abode;
O when ſhall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!
2 With him I on Sion ſhall ſtand
(For Jeſus hath ſpoken the word)

The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord:
But when on thy boſom reclin'd
Thy face I am ſtrengthened to ſee,
My fulneſs of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No ſickneſs nor ſorrow ſhall prove;
Phyſician of ſouls, unto me
Forgiveneſs and holineſs give;
And then from the body ſet free,
And then to the city receive.

HYMN CCXXXVII. *Bexley.*

Praying for a Bleſſing.

1 THOU Son of God, whoſe flaming eyes
Our inmoſt thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening-ſacrifice,
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourſelves ſincere:
But ſhew us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worſhipper?

3 Is here a ſoul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee?
A ſtranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His deſperate ſtate explain:
And fill his heart with ſacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the ſleeper, riſe,
And bid his guilty conſcience dread
The death that never dies.

6 Extort the cry, What muſt be done
To ſave a wretch like me?
How ſhall a trembling ſinner ſhun
That endleſs miſery?

7 I muſt this inſtant now begin
Out of my ſleep to wake;
And turn to God, and ev'ry ſin
Continually forſake.

8 I muſt for faith inceſſant cry,
And wreſtle, Lord, with thee!
I muſt be born again or die
To all eternity!

HYMN CCXXXVIII. *Aldrich.*

1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy pow'r to us make known:
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break theſe hearts of ſtone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our fooliſhneſs to mourn!
And turn at once from ev'ry ſin,
And to the Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourſelves and thee to know
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life beſtow,
And take our ſins away.

4 Conclude us firſt in unbelief,
And freely then releaſe;

Fill every ſoul with ſacred grief,
And then with ſacred peace.
5 Impoveriſh, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our ſickneſs give,
The knowledge of our cure.
6 That bleſſed ſenſe of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble and waſh the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.
7 Our deſperate ſtate through ſin declare,
And ſpeak our ſins forgiven:
By perfect holineſs prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

HYMN CCXXXIX. *Wenve.*

Deſcribing Formal Religion.

1 LONG have I ſeem'd to ſerve thee, Lord
With unavailing pain;
Faſted, and pray'd, and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd in vain.
2 Oft did I with th' aſſembly join,
And near thy altar drew,
A form of godlineſs was mine,
The pow'r I never knew.
3 I reſted in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep deſign;
The length and breadth I never ſaw,
And height of love divine.
4 To pleaſe thee thus, at length I ſee,
Vainly I hop'd and ſtrove:
For what are outward things to thee,
Unleſs they ſpring from love?

5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made:
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up;
'Tis thou must make it new.

HYMN CCXL. *Bexley.*

For Mourners convinced of Sin.

1 GOD is in this and ev'ry place;
But O how dark and void
To me! 'tis one great wilderness,
This earth, without my God.

2 Empty of him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart;
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

3 O thou who seest and knowest my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-fought blessing give:
And bid me at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

5 A darker ſoul did never yet
Thy promis'd help implore:
O that I now my Lord might meet,
And never loſe him more!
6 Now, Jeſus, now the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad;
The middle wall of ſin remove,
And let me into God.

HYMN CCXLI. *Fetter-Lane.*

For Mourners brought to the Birth.

1 THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till thou thyſelf declare;
God inacceſſible, unknown,
Regard a ſinner's pray'r:
2 A ſinner welt'ring in his blood,
Unpurg'd and unforgiv'n;
Far diſtant from the living God,
As far as hell from heav'n.
3 An unregen'rate child of man,
To thee for faith I call:
Pity thy fall'n creature's pain,
And raiſe me from my fall!
4 The darkneſs which thro' thee I feel,
Thou only canſt remove;
Thy own eternal pow'r reveal,
The Deity of Love!
5 Thou haſt in unbelief ſhut up,
That grace may let me go;
In hope believing againſt hope,
I wait the truth to know,
6 Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
Thou wilt thy light afford:

Bound and oppreſs'd, yet thine I am,
The priſoner of the Lord.

7 I would not to thy foe ſubmit;
I hate the tyrant's chain;
Send forth thy priſoner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain.

8 Shew me the blood that bought my peace,
The cov'nant blood apply,
And all my griefs at once ſhall ceaſe,
And all my ſins ſhall die.

9 Now, Lord, if thou art pow'r, deſcend;
The mountain ſin remove;
My unbelief and troubles end,
If thou art truth and love!

10 Speak Jeſu, ſpeak into my heart,
What thou for me haſt done;
One grain of living faith impart,
And God is all my own.

HYMN CCXLII. *Pudſey.*

Convinced of Backſliding.

1 THOU man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canſt thyſelf forget,
Thy laſt myſterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody ſweat!

2 When wreſtling in the ſtrength of prayer,
Thy ſpirit ſunk beneath its load,
Thy feeble fleſh abhorr'd to bear
The wrath of an Almighty God.

3 Father, if I may call thee ſo,
Regard my fearful heart's deſire,

Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my ſins expire!
4 I tremble, leſt the wrath divine,
Which bruiſes now my wretched ſoul,
Should bruiſe this wretched ſoul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.
5 To thee my laſt diſtreſs I bring!
The heightened fear of death I find;
The tyrant, brandiſhing his ſting,
Appears, and hell is cloſe behind.
6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endleſs baniſhment from thee:
O ſave and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

HYMN CCXLIII. *Dedication.*

For Mourners Recovered.

1 JESU, Shepherd of the ſheep,
Pity my unſettl'd ſoul;
Guide, and nouriſh me and keep,
Till thy love ſhall make me whole:
Give me, perfect ſoundneſs give,
Make me ſteadfaſtly believe.
2 I am never at one ſtay;
Changing ev'ry hour I am:
But thou art as yeſterday,
Now and evermore the ſame;
Conſtancy to me impart,
'Stabliſh with thy grace my heart.
3 Lay thy weighty croſs on me,
All my unbelief controul:
Till the rebel ceaſe to be,
Keep him down within my ſoul:

That he never more may move,
Root and ground me faſt in love.

4 Give me faith to hold me up,
Walking over life's rough ſea;
Holy, purifying hope
Still my ſoul's ſure anchor be;
That I may be always thine,
Perfect me in love divine.

HYMN CCXLIV. *Hamilton*'s.

1 OFT I in my heart have ſaid,
Who ſhall aſcend on high,
Mount to Chriſt my glorious head,
And bring him from the ſky?
Borne on contemplation's wing,
Surely I ſhall find him there,
Where the angels praiſe their king,
And gain the morning-ſtar.

2 Oft I in my heart have ſaid,
Who to the deep ſhall ſtoop,
Sink with Chriſt among the dead
From thence to bring him up?
Could I but my heart prepare
By unfeign'd humility,
Chriſt would quickly enter there,
And ever dwell with me.

3 But the righteouſneſs of faith
Hath taught me better things;
"Inward turn thine eyes" (it ſaith,
While Chriſt to me it brings.)

" Chriſt is ready to impart
" Life to all, for life who ſigh ;
" In thy mouth, and in thy heart
" The word is ever nigh."

HYMN CCXLV. *Olney.*

For Believers Fighting.

O May thy powerful word
Inſpire a feeble worm,
To ruſh into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by ſtorm !
O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To ſeize the crown of perfect love,
And ſcale the mount of heaven !

HYMN CCXLVI. *Sheffield.*

For Believers Praying.

1 O Wond'rous power of faithful prayer !
What tongue can tell th' almighty grace!
God's hands or bound or open are,
As Moſes or Elijah prays ;
Let Moſes in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out, " Let me alone !
2 " Let me alone that all my wrath
" May riſe, the wicked to conſume !
" While Juſtice hears thy praying faith,
" It cannot ſeal the ſinner's doom ;
" My Son is in my ſervant's pray'r,
" And Jeſus forces me to ſpare."
3 O bleſſed word of goſpel-grace,
Which now we for our Iſrael plead !
A faithleſs and backſliding race,
Whom thou haſt out of Egypt freed ;

O do not then in wrath chaſtiſe,
Nor let thy whole diſpleaſure riſe!
4 Father! we aſk in Jeſu's name,
In Jeſu's pow'r and ſpirit pray,
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim!
O turn thy threat'ning wrath away!
Our guilt and puniſhment remove,
And magnify thy pard'ning love!
5 Father! regard thy pleading Son,
Accept his all-availing prayer,
And ſend a peaceful anſwer down,
In honour of our ſpokeſman there,
Whoſe blood proclaims our ſins forgiven,
And ſpeaks thy rebels up to heaven.

HYMN CCXLVII. *Iſlington.*

For Believers Watching.

1 PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear;
My utter helpleſſneſs reveal:
Satan and ſin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.
2 O! that to thee my conſtant mind
Might with an even flame aſpire;
Pride in its earlieſt motions find,
And mark the riſings of deſire.
3 O! that my tender ſoul might fly
The firſt abhorr'd approach of ill;
Quick as the apple of an eye
The ſlighteſt touch of ſin to feel!
4 Till thou anew my ſoul create,
Still may I ſtrive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to ſee the perfect day.

HYMN CCXLVIII. *23d Psalm.*

For Believers Working.

1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still;
My joy, thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will;
And search the oracles divine,
Till ev'ry heart-felt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be;
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me:
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast,
While on the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day!

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long,
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to thy church above.

HYMN CCXLIX. *Marienbourn.*

For Believers Suffering.

1 MASTER, I own thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be:
Thou seest at last I willing am,
Where'er thou go'st to follow thee;

Myſelf in all things to deny:
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

2 Whate'er my ſinful fleſh requires,
For thee I cheerfully forego;
My covetous and vain deſires,
My hopes of happineſs below;
My ſenſes' and my paſſions' food,
And all my thirſt for creature good.

3 Pleaſure, and wealth, and praiſe no more
Shall lead my captive ſoul aſtray;
My fond purſuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only thee reſolv'd t' obey;
My own in all things to reſign,
And know no other will but thine.

4 All pow'r is thine in earth and heaven;
All fulneſs dwells in thee alone;
Whate'er I have was freely giv'n;
Nothing but ſin I call my own:
Other propriety diſclaim:
Thou only art the great I AM.

5 Wherefore to thee I all reſign;
Being thou art, and Love, and Pow'r;
Thy only will be done, not mine!
Thee, Lord, let earth and heav'n adore!
Flow back the rivers to the ſea,
And let our all be loſt in thee!

HYMN CCL. *Kingswood.*

1 CAST on the fidelity
Of my redeeming Lord,
I ſhall his ſalvation ſee
According to his word:

Credence to his word I give,
My Saviour in diſtreſſes paſt
Will not now his ſervant leave,
But bring me through at laſt.

2 Better than my boding fears
To me thou oft haſt prov'd;
Oft obſerv'd my ſilent tears,
And challeng'd thy belov'd:
Mercy to my reſcue flew,
And death ungraſp'd his fainting prey;
Pain before thy face withdrew,
And ſorrow fled away.

3 Now as yeſterday the ſame,
In all my troubles nigh,
Jeſus, on thy word and name
I ſteadfaſtly rely:
Sure as now the grief I feel,
The promis'd joy I ſoon ſhall have;
Sav'd again, to ſinners tell
Thy power and will to ſave.

4 To thy bleſſed will reſign'd,
And ſtay'd on that alone,
I thy perfect ſtrength ſhall find,
Thy faithful mercies own;
Compaſs'd round with ſongs of praiſe,
My all to my Redeemer give;
Spread thy miracles of grace,
And for thy glory live.

HYMN CCLI. *Welling.*

1 THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
For thee my thirſty ſoul doth pine!
My longing heart implores thy grace:
O make me in thy likeneſs ſhine!

2 With fraudleſs, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I ſee!
In love be every wiſh reſign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak fleſh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breaſt;
When grief my wounded ſoul aſſails,
In lowly meekneſs may I reſt.

4 Cloſe by thy ſide ſtill may I keep,
Howe'er life's various currents flow;
With ſteadfaſt eye mark ev'ry ſtep,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight haſt won;
Alone thou haſt the wine-preſs trod;
In me thy ſtrength'ning grace be ſhown,
O may I conquer through thy blood!

6 So when on Sion thou ſhalt ſtand,
And all heaven's hoſts adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glories ſing.

HYMN CCLII. *Athlone.*

1 JESU, the weary wand'rers' reſt,
Give me thy eaſy yoke to bear;
With ſteadfaſt patience arm my breaſt,
With ſpotleſs love, and lowly fear.

2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepar'd and mingled by thy ſkill,
Though bitter to the taſte it be,
Powerful the wounded ſoul to heal.

3 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh!
So ſhall each murmuring thought be gone;

And grief, and fear, and care ſhall fly
As clouds before a mid-day ſun.
4 Speak to my warring paſſions, "Peace;"
Say to my troubled heart, "Be ſtill:"
Thy power my ſtrength and fortreſs is,
For all things ſerve thy ſov'reign will.
5 O death! where is thy ſting? where now
Thy boaſted victory, O grave?
Who ſhall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to ſave?

HYMN CCLIII. *Athlone.*

For Believers groaning for full Redemption.

1 O GOD moſt merciful and true,
Thy nature to my ſoul impart;
Stabliſh with me the cov'nant new,
And write perfection on my heart.
2 To real holineſs reſtor'd,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind;
And in the knowledge of my Lord
Fulneſs of life eternal find.
3 Remember, Lord, my ſins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But ſunk in guiltleſs ſhame, adore
With ſpeechleſs wonder at thy feet.
4 O'erwhelm'd with thy ſtupendous grace,
I ſhall not in thy preſence move;
But breathe unutterable praiſe,
And rapturous awe, and ſilent love.
5 Then ev'ry murmuring thought, and vain,
Expires, in ſweet confuſion loſt:
I cannot of my croſs complain,
I cannot of my goodneſs boaſt.

6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the duſt I hide,
And glory give to God alone,
My God, for ever pacify'd!

HYMN CCLIV. *Invitation.*

For Believers brought to the Birth.

1 O GOD, to whom in fleſh reveal'd
The helpleſs all for ſuccour came;
The ſick to be reliev'd and heal'd,
And found ſalvation in thy name.
2 With publicans and harlots I,
In theſe thy Spirit's goſpel-days,
To thee, the ſinner's friend, draw nigh,
And humbly ſue for ſaving grace.
3 Thou ſeeſt me helpleſs and diſtreſs'd,
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor;
Weary I come to thee for reſt,
And ſick of ſin, implore a cure.
4 My ſin's incurable diſeaſe,
Thou, Jeſus, thou alone canſt heal:
Inſpire me with thy pow'r and peace,
And pardon on my conſcience ſeal.
5 A touch, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart and make it clean,
Purge the foul, inbred leproſy,
And ſave me from my boſom-ſin.
6 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe,
Thou canſt the ſaving grace impart;
Thou canſt this inſtant now forgive,
And ſtamp thine image on my heart.
7 My heart, which now to thee I raiſe,
I know thou canſt this moment cleanſe;

The deepeſt ſtains of ſin efface,
And drive the evil ſpirit hence.
8 Be it according to thy word!
Accompliſh now thy work in me;
And let my ſoul to health reſtor'd,
Devote its little all to thee!

HYMN CCLV. *Welling.*

1 JESU, thy far-extended fame
My drooping ſouls exults to hear:
Thy name, thy all-reſtoring name,
Is muſic in a ſinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didſt receive
With comfortable words and kind;
Their ſorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diſeas'd and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour ſtill,
In ev'ry place and age the ſame?
Haſt thou forgot thy gracious ſkill,
Or loſt the virtue of thy name?

4 Faith in thy changeleſs name I have;
The good, the kind phyſician, thou
Art able now our ſouls to ſave,
Art willing to reſtore them now.

5 Though ſeventeen hundred years are paſt
Since thou didſt in the fleſh appear,
Thy tender mercies ever laſt,
And ſtill thy healing pow'r is here.

6 Wouldſt thou the body's health reſtore,
And not regard the ſin-ſick ſoul?
The ſin-ſick ſoul thou lov'ſt much more,
And ſurely thou ſhalt make it whole.

7 All my diſeaſe, my ev'ry ſin,
To thee, O Jeſus, I confeſs:
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect me in holineſs.

8 That token of thy utmoſt good,
Now, Saviour, now on me beſtow;
And purge my conſcience with thy blood,
And waſh my nature white as ſnow.

HYMN CCLVI. *Muſician's.*

For the Society Praying.

1 EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The beſt-concerted ſchemes are vain,
And never can ſucceed;
We ſpend our wretched ſtrength for nought;
But if our works in thee are wrought,
They ſhall be bleſt indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didſt thyſelf inſpire
Our ſouls with this intenſe deſire,
Thy goodneſs to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deed begin and end
Complete in Jeſu's name!

3 In Jeſu's name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing reſolv'd to know,
And ſquare our uſeful lives below
By reaſon and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monaſtic cell,
By vows and grates confin'd:

Freely to all ourſelves we give,
Conſtrain'd by Jeſu's love to live
The ſervants of mankind.

5 Now, Jeſu, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will!
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy riſing church, and place
The city on the hill.

6 O let our love and faith abound!
O let our lives to all around
With pureſt luſtre ſhine!
That all around our works may ſee,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine!

HYMN CCLVII. *Worceſter.*

A Paſtoral Hymn.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who ſtand on Zion's hill,
That bring ſalvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,
So ſweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful ſound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And ſought but never found!

4 How bleſſed are our eyes
That ſee this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings deſir'd it long,
But dy'd without the ſight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jeruſalem breaks forth in ſongs,
And deſerts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN CCLVIII. *St. Paul's.*

1 LOVERS of pleaſure more than God,
For you he ſuffer'd pain;
Swearers, for you he ſpilt his blood;
And ſhall he bleed in vain?

2 Miſers, his life for you he paid,
Your baſeſt crimes he bore;
Drunkards, your ſins on him were laid,
That you might ſin no more.

3 The God of love, to earth he came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jeſu's name,
And all your ſins forgiven.

4 Believe in him that dy'd for thee:
And ſure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy ſoul is free,
And thou art juſtified.

HYMN CCLIX. *Handel's March.*

1 HARK! how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's ſound;
Stand to your arms! the foe is nigh!
The powers of hell ſurround:
Who bow to Chriſt's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

2 See on the mountain-top
The ſtandard of our God!
In Jeſu's name I lift it up,
All ſtain'd with hallow'd blood:
His ſtandard-bearer I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jeſu's croſs draw nigh!
He bore the croſs for all.

3 Go up with Chriſt your Head,
Your Captain's footſteps ſee:
Follow your Captain and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given:
He ever reigns the ſame:
Salvation, happineſs, and heaven,
Are all in Jeſu's name.

4 Only have faith in God:
In faith your foes assail:
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell:
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air and darken heaven,
And rule the lower world.

HYMN CCLX. *Cary's.*

1 WATCH'D by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and shame:
As servants of the Lord most high,
As zealous for his glorious name,
We ought in all his paths to move
With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart,
To stop the mouth of every foe:
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proof of godly fear we give,
And shew them how the Christians live.

HYMN CCLXI. *Musician's.*

For Believers brought to the Birth.

1 O Glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above!
It bears on eagles' wings;

It gives my raviſh'd ſoul to taſte,
And makes me for ſome moments feaſt
With Jeſu's prieſts and kings.

2 The things eternal I purſue,
A happineſs beyond the view
Of thoſe that baſely pant,
For things by nature felt and ſeen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleaſures mean,
I neither have nor want.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own:
A ſtranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods deſpiſe;
I trample on their whole delight,
And ſeek a country out of ſight,
A country in the ſkies.

4 There is my houſe and portion fair,
My treaſure and my heart is there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren ſtay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jeſus bids me come!

5 I come, thy ſervant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the ſkies,
And claim my heavenly reſt;
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breaſt!

HYMN CCLXII. *Dedication.*

1 WHY not now, my God, my God!
Ready if thou always art,
Make in me thy mean abode,
Take poſſeſſion of my heart;
If thou canſt ſo greatly bow,
Friend of ſinners, why not now?

2 God of love in this my day
For thyſelf to thee I cry;
Dying, if thou ſtill delay
Muſt I not for ever die?
Enter now thy pooreſt home:
Now, my utmoſt Saviour, come.

HYMN CCLXIII. *Hamilton's.*

1 NOW, even now, I yield, I yield,
With all my ſins to part;
Jeſus, ſpeak my pardon ſeal'd,
And purify my heart!
Purge the love of ſin away,
Then I into nothing fall:
Then I ſee the perfect day;
And Chriſt is all in all.

2 Jeſu, now our hearts inſpire
With that pure love of thine;
Kindle now the heavenly fire
To brighten and refine:
Purify our faith like gold:
All the droſs of ſin remove;
Melt our ſpirits down, and mould
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN CCLXIV. *Angel-Song.*

For Believers Interceding.

PART THE FIRST.

1 FATHER, if justly still we claim
To us and ours the promise made,
To us be graciously the same,
And crown with living fire our head.

2 Our claim admit, and from above
Of holiness the spirit shower,
Of wise discernment, humble love,
And zeal, and unity, and power.

3 The spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative impart:
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart:

4 The spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind:

5 The spirit of faith in this thy day,
To break the power of cancell'd sin,
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,
And still the conqueſt more than win.

6 The spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts thy laws may write:
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife:
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

HYMN CCLXV. *Angel-Song.*

PART THE SECOND.

1 ON all the earth thy Spirit ſhower,
The earth in righteouſneſs renew:
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy ſceptre all ſubdue.

2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,
Let it oppoſers all o'erturn;
And every law of ſin reverſe,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place
Its richeſt energy declare:
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Chriſt prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God, and true;
The ancient ſeers thou didſt inſpire!
To us perform the promiſe due,
Deſcend and crown us now with fire!

HYMN CCLXVI. *Aldrich.*

For the Society Praying.

1 COME, thou omniſcient Son of man,
Diſplay thy ſifting pow'r,
Come with thy winnowing Spirit's fan,
And throughly purge thy floor.

2 The chaff of sin, the accursed thing,
Far from our souls be driven:
The wheat into thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.

3 Look through us with thy eyes of flame,
The clouds and darkness chase:
And tell me what by sin I am,
And what I am by grace.

4 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove;
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by thy love.

5 Then let us all thy fulness know,
From every sin set free;
Sav'd, to the utmost sav'd below,
And perfectly like thee.

HYMN CCLXVII. *Fetter-Lane.*

For the Society Parting.

1 GOD of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace!
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Thro' thee we now together came
In singleness of heart:
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind:
Our minds continue one;
And each to each in Jeſus join'd,
We hand in hand go on.

4 Subſiſts as in us all one ſoul;
No power can make us twain;
And mountains riſe and oceans roll,
To ſever us, in vain.

5 Preſent we ſtill in ſpirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and prayer
We each to other fly.

6 In Jeſus Chriſt together we
In heavenly places ſit:
Cloath'd with the ſun, we ſmile to ſee
The moon beneath our feet.

7 Our life is hid with Chriſt in God:
Our life ſhall ſoon appear,
And ſhed his glory all abroad
On all his members here.

8 The heavenly treaſure now we have
In a vile houſe of clay;
But he ſhall to the utmoſt ſave,
And keep it to that day.

9 Our ſouls are in his mighty hand,
And he ſhall keep them ſtill;
And you and I ſhall ſurely ſtand
With him on Sion's hill!

10 Him eye to eye we there ſhall ſee;
Our face like his ſhall ſhine;
O what a glorious company,
When ſaints and angels join!

11 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all ſhall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

12 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our paſſage through:
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

13 Then let us haſten to the day,
When all ſhall be brought home!
Come, O Redeemer, come away!
O Jeſus, quickly come!

HYMN CCLXVIII. *Lamp's.*

1 AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Inſeparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jeſus are!

2 Jeſus the corner-ſtone
Did firſt our hearts unite!
And ſtill he keeps our ſpirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

3 O let us ſtill proceed
In Jeſu's work below;

And following our triumphant Head,
To farther conqueſts go.

4 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his labourers lies;
And lo! we ſee the vaſt reward
Which waits us in the ſkies!

5 O let our heart and mind
Continually aſcend,
That haven of repoſe to find,
Where all our labours end!

6 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our ſuffering and our pain!
Who meet on that eternal ſhore
Shall never part again.

7 O happy, happy place,
Where ſaints and angels meet;
There we ſhall ſee each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

8 The church of the firſt-born,
We ſhall with them be bleſt,
And, crown'd with endleſs joy, return
To our eternal reſt.

9 With joy we ſhall behold,
In yonder bleſt abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the ſaints of God.

10 Abraham and Iſaac there,
And Jacob ſhall receive
The followers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.

11 We ſhall our time beneath
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearleſs paſs the vale of death,
And gain the mountain-top.
12 To gather home his own,
God ſhall his angels ſend,
And bid our bliſs on earth begun,
In deathleſs triumphs end.

CONSOLATION.

HYMN CCLXIX. L. M.

1 COMFORT, ye miniſters of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord,
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the goſpel-word.
2 Go, into every nation go,
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we ſhow;
Jeruſalem, thy God is nigh.
3 Hark! in the wilderneſs a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare!
Prepare your hearts for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there.
4 The Lord your God ſhall quickly come:
Sinners repent, the call obey:
Open your hearts to make him room,
Ye deſert ſouls, prepare his way.
5 The Lord ſhall clear his way thro' all:
Whate'er obſtructs, obſtructs in vain;
The vale ſhall riſe, the mountain fall,
Crooked be ſtraight, and rugged plain.

6 The glory of the Lord display'd,
Together all mankind shall view:
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

HYMN CCLXX. L. M.

1 HIGH on his everlasting throne
The King of saints his works surveys,
Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on the peculiar race.

2 He rests well pleas'd their toils to see,
Beneath his easy yoke they move,
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labour of his love.

3 See where the servants of their God,
A busy multitude appear,
For Jesus day and night employ'd,
His heritage they toil to clear.

4 The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands,
They spend their sweat, and blood, and pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

5 Jesus their toil delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown,
He kindly gives the wish'd increase,
And sends the promis'd blessing down.

6 The sap of life, the Spirit's powers,
He rains incessant from above,
He all his gracious fulness showers,
To perfect their great work of love.

7 O multiply thy ſowers' ſeed,
And fruit we every hour ſhall bear,
Throughout the world thy goſpel ſpread,
Thine everlaſting truth declare:

8 We all in perfect love renew'd
Shall know the greatneſs of thy pow'r,
Stand in the temple of our God
As pillars, and go out no more.

HYMN CCLXXI. C. M.

1 O THAT I was as heretofore,
When warm in my firſt love!
I only liv'd my God t' adore,
And ſeek the things above.

2 Upon my head his candle ſhone,
And laviſh of his grace,
With cords of love he drew me on,
And half unveil'd his face.

3 Butter and honey did I eat,
And lifted up on high,
I ſaw the clouds beneath my feet,
And rode upon the ſky.

4 Far, far above all earthly things
Triumphantly I rode;
I ſoar'd to heav'n on eagles' wings,
And found and talk'd with God.

5 Where am I now, from what an height
Of happineſs caſt down!
The glory ſwallow'd up in night,
And faded is the crown.

6 O God, thou art my home, my reſt,
For which I ſigh in pain,
How ſhall I 'ſcape into thy breaſt,
My Eden now regain?

HYMN CCLXXII.

1 SAVIOUR from ſin, I wait to prove
That Jeſus is thy healing name,
To loſe, when perfected in love,
Whate'er I have, or can, or am;
I ſtay me on thy faithful word,
The ſervant ſhall be as his Lord.

2 Anſwer that gracious end in me,
For which thy precious life was given,
Redeem from all iniquity,
Reſtore and make me meet for heaven;
Unleſs thou purge my every ſtain,
Thy ſuffering and my faith are vain.

3 'Tis not a bare releaſe from ſin,
Its guilt and pain, my ſoul requires,
I want a ſpirit of power within;
Thee, Jeſus, thee my heart deſires,
And pants, and breaks to be renew'd,
And waſh'd in thine all-cleanſing blood.

4 Didſt thou not die that I might live
No longer to myſelf, but thee?
Might body, ſoul, and ſpirit give
To him who gave himſelf for me?
Come then, my Maſter, and my God,
Take the dear purchaſe of thy blood.

5 Thine own peculiar ſervant claim,
For thine own truth and mercy's ſake,
Hallow in me thy glorious name,
Me for thine own this moment take,

And change and throughly purify ;
Thine only may I live and die.

HYMN CCLXXIII. C. M.

Morning Hymn.

1 GIVER and Guardian of my ſleep,
To praiſe thy name I wake,
Still, Lord, thy helpleſs ſervant keep,
For thine own mercy's ſake.

2 The bleſſing of another day
I thankfully receive ;
O may I only thee obey,
And to thy glory live.

3 Vouchſafe to keep my ſoul from ſin,
Its cruel power ſuſpend,
Till all this ſtrife and war within
In perfect peace ſhall end.

4 Upon me lay thy mighty hand,
My words and thoughts reſtrain,
Bow my whole ſoul to thy command,
Nor let my faith be vain.

5 Priſoner of hope, I wait the hour
Which ſhall ſalvation bring,
When all I am ſhall own thy power,
And call my Jeſus, King.

HYMN CCLXXIV. L. M.

1 AWAKE, Jeruſalem, awake,
No longer in thy ſins lie down,
The garment of ſalvation take,
Thy beauty and thy ſtrength put on.

2 Shake off the duſt that blinds thy ſight,
And hides the promiſe from thine eyes,

Ariſe and ſtruggle into light,
Thy great Deliverer calls, Ariſe!

3 Shake off the bands of ſad deſpair,
Sion aſſert thy liberty,
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God ſhall ſet the captive free.

4 Veſſels of mercy, ſons of grace,
Be purg'd from every ſinful ſtain,
Be like your Lord: his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

5 The Lord ſhall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on;
His glory ſhall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

HYMN CCLXXV.

1 COME, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom ſtill I own but cannot ſee,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee,
With thee all night I mean to ſtay,
And wreſtle till the break of day.

2 In vain thou ſtruggleſt to get free,
I never will unlooſe my hold:
Art thou the man who dy'd for me?
The ſecret of thy love unfold;
Wreſtling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

3 What tho' my ſhrinking fleſh complain,
And murmur to contend ſo long,
I riſe ſuperior to my pain,
When I am weak, then I am ſtrong.

And when my all of ſtrength ſhall fail,
I ſhall with the God-man prevail.

4 Yield to me now,—for I am weak,
But confident in ſelf-deſpair;
Speak to my heart, in bleſſings ſpeak,
Be conquer'd by my inſtant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence ſhalt move,
And tell me if thy name be love.

5 'Tis love, 'tis love! Thou dy'dſt for me,
I hear thy whiſper in my heart,
The morning breaks, the ſhadows flee,
Pure, univerſal love thou art;
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

6 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jeſus the feeble ſinner's friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But ſtay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never ſhall remove,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

HYMN CCLXXVI.

1 OFT have we paſs'd the guilty night
In revellings and frantic mirth,
The creature was our ſole delight,
Our happineſs the things of earth;
But O, ſuffice the ſeaſon paſt,
We chooſe the better part at laſt.

2 We will not cloſe our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eye-lids ſleep,
But humbly lift them to the ſkies,
And all a ſolemn vigil keep;
So many nights on ſin beſtow'd,
Can we not watch one hour for God?

3 We can, dear Jeſus, for thy ſake,
Devote our every hour to thee;
Speak but the word, our ſouls ſhall wake,
And ſing with cheerful melody;
Thy praiſe ſhall our glad tongues employ,
And every heart ſhall dance for joy.

4 Dear object of our faith and love,
We liſten for thy welcome voice,
Our perſons and our works approve,
And bid us in thy ſtrength rejoice,
Now let us hear the mighty cry,
And ſhout to find the bridegroom nigh.

5 Shout in the midſt of us, O King
Of ſaints, and let our joys abound,
Let us rejoice, give thanks, and ſing,
And triumph in redemption found:
We aſk in faith for every ſoul;
O let our glorious joy be full.

6 O may we all triumphant riſe,
With joy upon our heads return,
And far above theſe nether ſkies,
By thee on eagle's wings upborne,
Through all yon radiant circle move,
And gain the higheſt heaven of love.

HYMN CCLXXVII. C. M.

1 OH for a cloſer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to ſhine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the bleſſedneſs I knew,
When firſt I ſaw the Lord?
Where is the ſoul-refreſhing view
Of Jeſus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd;
How ſweet their memory ſtill!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet meſſenger of reſt;
I hate the ſins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breaſt.

5 The deareſt idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne;
And worſhip only thee.

6 So ſhall my walk be cloſe with God,
Calm and ſerene my frame;
So purer light ſhall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN CCLXXVIII. L. M.

1 AN inward baptiſm of pure fire,
Wherewith to be baptiz'd I have;
'Tis all my longing ſoul's deſire,
This, only this my ſoul can ſave.

2 Straight'ned I am, till this be done;
Kindle in me the living flame;
Father, in me reveal thy Son:
Baptize me into Jeſu's name.

3 Transform my nature into thine,
Let all my powers thine impreſs feel,
Let all my ſoul become divine,
And ſtamp me with thy Spirit's ſeal.

4 Love, mighty love, my heart o'erpow'r,
Ah! why doſt thou ſo long delay!
Cut ſhort the work, bring near the hour,
And let me ſee thy perfect day.

5 Behold, for thee I ever wait,
Now let me in thy image ſhine,
Now the new heavens and earth create,
And plant with righteouſneſs divine.
6 If with the wretched ſons of men
It ſtill be thy delight to live,
Come, Lord, beget my ſoul again,
Thyſelf, thy quick'ning Spirit give.

HYMN CCLXXIX. C. M.

1 FOUNTAIN of life, to all below,
Let thy ſalvation roll:
Water, repleniſh, and o'erflow
Every believing ſoul.
2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary ſinners take,
Jeſus, fulfil thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's ſake.
3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we ſhall flow to thee,
While down the ſtream of time we glide
To our eternity.
4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy the ſwelling flood,
Waſted by thee, with willing heart
We ſwift return to God.
5 We ſoon ſhall reach the boundleſs ſea,
Into thy fulneſs fall,
Be loſt and ſwallow'd up in thee,
Our God, our All in All.

HYMN CCLXXX. L. M.

1 O THOU, whom all thy ſaints adore,
We now with all thy ſaints agree,
And bow our inmoſt ſouls before
Thy glorious, awful Majeſty.

2 The King of nations we proclaim,
Who would not our great Sovereign fear?
We long t' experience all thy name,
And now we come to meet thee here.

3 We come, great God, to ſeek thy face,
And for thy loving kindneſs wait;
And O how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own houſe, 'tis heaven's gate.

4 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh,
To thee our trembling hearts aſpire:
And lo! we ſee deſcend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.

5 Still let it on th' aſſembly ſtay,
And all the houſe with glory fill:
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And bring us to the holy hill.

6 There let us all with Jeſus ſtand,
And join the general church above,
And take our ſeats at thy right hand,
And ſing thine everlaſting love.

7 Come, Lord, our ſouls are on the wing,
Now on thy great white throne appear,
And let my eyes behold my King,
And let me ſee my Saviour there.

HYMN CCLXXXI. L. M.

1 SAY, which of you would ſee the Lord?
You all may now obtain the grace,
Behold him in the written word,
Where John unveils the Saviour's face.

2 Clear as the trumpet's voice he ſpeaks
To every ſoul that turns his ear;
Amidſt the golden candleſticks
He walks: and lo! he now is here.

3 Preſent to all believing ſouls,
They ſee him with an eagle's eye;
Down to his feet a garment rolls,
Stain'd with a glorious crimſon dye.

4 A golden girdle binds his breaſt,
(Whence ſtreams of conſolation flow,
Milk for his new-born babes, who reſt
In him, nor other comfort know.)

5 His form is as the Son of Man,
His eyes are as a flame of fire;
They dart a ſin-conſuming pain,
And life and joy divine inſpire.

6 His ſpotleſs purity of ſoul,
We by a lovely emblem know,
His head and hair are white as wool,
White are they as the driven ſnow.

7 Glitter his feet like poliſh'd braſs
That long hath in the furnace ſhone,
Brighter than lightning is his face,
Brighter than the meridian ſun.

8 As many waters ſounds his word,
Seven ſtars he holds in his right hand,
Out of his mouth a two-edg'd ſword
Goes forth: before it who can ſtand?

9 Lord, at thy feet we fall as dead,
Lay thy right hand upon our ſoul,
Scatter our fears, thy Spirit ſhed,
And all our unbelief controul.

10 Tell us, "I am the First and Last,
"Who liv'd and dy'd for all, am I!
"And lo! my bitter death is past,
"And lo! I live no more to die:

11 "I have the keys of death and hell."
Amen! thy record we receive,
And wait till thou our spirits seal,
And all in all for ever live.

HYMN CCLXXXII. L. M.

1 DRAW near, O Son of God, draw near,
Us with thy flaming eye behold,
Still in thy church vouchsafe t' appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy lustre glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy church below.

3 Make good their apostolic boast,
Their high commission let them prove,
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And fill'd with faith and hope and love.

4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear,
Fix their affections all above,
And lay up all their treasure there.

5 Give them an ear to hear thy word;
Thou speakest to the churches now:
And let all tongues confess their Lord,
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

HYMN CCLXXXIII.

1 IN boundleſs mercy, gracious Lord, appear,
Darkneſs diſpel, the humble mourner cheer;
Vain thoughts remove, melt down this flinty heart;
Cauſe every ſoul to chooſe the better part.

2 Thy preſence fills the univerſal ſpace;
Thy grace appears to all the fallen race.
O viſit us with light and life divine,
Fill every ſoul, for every ſoul is thine.

3 The bleſſed Jeſus is my Lord, my love;
He is my King, from him I would not move;
Away then all ye objects that divert,
Nor ſeek to draw from my dear Lord my heart.

4 That uncreated beauty which hath gain'd
My raviſh'd heart, hath all your glory ſtain'd;
His lovelineſs my ſoul hath prepoſſeſs'd,
And left no room for any other gueſt.

HYMN CCLXXXIV. C. M.

1 LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my ſoul would try
To ſhun thy preſence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all ſurrounding ſight ſurveys
My riſing and my reſt,
My public walks, my private ways,
The ſecrets of my breaſt.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within:

And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'ſt the ſenſe I mean.

4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beſet on every ſide.

5 So let thy grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my ſoul from every ill,
Secur'd by Sov'reign love.

HYMN CCLXXXV. *Boſton.*

Chriſtmas Hymn.

1 "SHEPHERDS rejoice, lift up your eyes,
"And ſend your fears away,
"News from the regions of the ſkies—
"Salvation's born to-day.

2 "Jeſus the God whom angels fear,
"Comes down to dwell with you;
"To-day he makes his entrance here,
"But not as monarchs do.

3 "No gold, nor purple ſwaddling bands,
"Nor royal ſhining things;
"A manger for his cradle ſtands,
"And holds the King of kings.

4 "Go, ſhepherds, where the infant lies,
"And ſee his humble throne:
"With tears of joy in all your eyes,
"Go, ſhepherds, kiſs the Son."

5 Thus Gabriel ſang, and ſtraight around
The heavenly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty ſound,
And thus conclude the ſong:

6 "Glory to God that reigns above,
"Let peace ſurround the earth;
"Mortals ſhall know their Maker's love,
"At their Redeemer's birth."

7 Lord! and ſhall angels have their ſongs,
And men no tunes to raiſe?
O may we loſe theſe uſeleſs tongues
When we forget to praiſe!

8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to ſing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

BAPTISM.

HYMN CCLXXXVI. C. M.

1 CELESTIAL Dove, deſcend from high,
And on the water brood:
Come, with thy quick'ning pow'r apply
The water and the blood.

2 Almighty God, for thee we call,
And our requeſt renew:
Accept in Chriſt, and bleſs withal
The work we have to do.

HYMN CCLXXXVII. S. M.

1 CALL'D from above, I riſe
And waſh away my ſin,
The ſtream to which my ſpirit flies
Can make the foulеſt clean.

2 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide;
'Twas open'd by the ſoldier's ſpear,
In my Redeemer's ſide!

HYMN CCLXXXVIII. L. M.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Honour the means ordain'd by thee!
Make good our apoſtolic boaſt,
And own thy glorious miniſtry.

2 Father, in theſe reveal thy Son:
In theſe for whom we ſeek thy face,
The hidden myſtery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

3 Jeſus, with us thou always art:
Effect'ate now the ſacred ſign;
The gift unſpeakable impart,
And bleſs the ordinance divine.

4 Eternal Spirit, deſcend from high,
Baptizer of our ſpirits, thou!
The ſacramental ſeal apply,
And witneſs with the water now!

CLASS-MEETING.

HYMN CCLXXXIX.

1 ALL thanks to the Lamb who gives us to meet:
His love we proclaim, his praiſes repeat:
We own him our Jeſus, continually near,
To pardon, and bleſs us, and perfect us here.

2 In him we have peace, in him we have pow'r,
Preſerv'd by his grace throughout the dark hour:
In all our temptation, he keeps us to prove
His utmoſt ſalvation, his fulneſs of love.

3 Pronounce the glad word, and bid us be free;
Ah! haſt thou not, Lord, a bleſſing for me?
The peace thou haſt given this moment impart,
And open thy heaven, O Love, in my heart!

HYMN CCXC. C. M.

1 SEE, Jeſu, thy diſciples, ſee,
The promis'd bleſſing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd:
We wait according to thy word,
Thee in the midſt to find.

3 Whom now we ſeek, O may we meet!
Jeſus, the crucify'd,
Shew us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us haſt dy'd.

HYMN CCXCI.

1 APPointed by thee, we meet in thy name,
And meekly agree to follow the Lamb,
To trace thy example, the world to disdain,
And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

2 O Jesus appear! no longer delay,
To sanctify here, and bear us away;
The end of our meeting on earth let us see,
Triumphantly sitting in glory with thee!

HYMN CCXCII. L. M.

Funeral.

1 THANKS be to God whose faithful love
Hath call'd another to his breast,
Translated him to joys above,
To mansions of eternal rest.

2 He the good fight of faith hath won,
He heard with joy the welcome word;
"Hither come up (thy work is done)
"And reign for ever with thy Lord."

3 By ministerial spirits convey'd,
Lodg'd in the garner of the sky,
He rests in Abraham's bosom laid,
He lives with God, no more to die.

4 Thanks be to God, through Christ alone,
Who gave our friend the victory,
O Master, say to me, "Well done!"
May I rejoice to die in thee.

HYMN CCXCIII.

1 YE ſimple ſouls, that ſtray
Far from the path of peace,
That unfrequented way
To life and happineſs—
How long will ye your folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wiſdom from above,
And mock the ſons of God?

2 Madneſs and miſery
Ye count our life beneath,
And nothing great can ſee,
Or glorious in our death!
As born to ſuffer and to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie,
And utterly contemn'd we live,
And unlamented die.

3 Poor, penſive ſojourners,
O'erwhelm'd with grief and woes,
Perplex'd with needleſs fears,
And pleaſure's mortal foes:
More irkſome than a gaping tomb,
Our ſight ye cannot bear,
Wrapt in the melancholy gloom
Of fanciful deſpair.

4 So wretched and obſcure,
The men whom ye deſpiſe,
So fooliſh, weak, and poor,
Above your ſcorn we riſe:
Our conſcience in the Holy Ghoſt
Can witneſs better things;
For he, whoſe blood is all our boaſt,
Hath made us prieſts and kings.

5 Riches unſearchable
In Jeſu's love we know,
And pleaſures from the well
Of life, our ſouls o'erflow;
From him the ſpirit we receive,
Of wiſdom, grace, and pow'r,
And always ſorrowful we live,
Rejoicing evermore.

6 Angels our ſervants are,
And keep in all our ways,
And in their hands they bear
The ſacred ſons of grace;
Our guardians to that heavenly bliſs,
They all our ſteps attend;
And God himſelf our Father is,
And Jeſus is our friend.

7 With him we walk in white,
We in his image ſhine,
Our robes are robes of light,
Our righteouſneſs divine:
On all the grov'ling kings of earth,
With pity we look down,
And claim in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.

HYMN CCXCIV.

1 HARK! how the goſpel-trumpet ſounds!
Thro' all the earth the echo bounds!
And Jeſus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing ſinners back to God;
And guides them ſafely by his word
To endleſs day.

2 Hail, all-victorious, conq'ring Lord!
Be thou by all thy works ador'd,
Who undertook for ſinful man,
And brought ſalvation through thy name,
That we with thee may ever reign
In endleſs day.

3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring ſouls fight on,
And when the conqueſt you have won,
The palms of vict'ry you ſhall bear,
And in his kingdom have a ſhare,
And crowns of glory ever wear
In endleſs day.

4 There we ſhall in ſweet chorus join,
And ſaints and angels all combine,
To ſing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move,
And this ſhall be our theme above,
In endleſs day.

HYMN CCXCV. C. M.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 Thy love I ſoon expect to find
In all its depth and height,
To comprehend the Eternal Mind,
And graſp the infinite.

3 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradiſe poſſeſs'd,
I taſte unutterable bliſs,
And everlaſting reſt.

HYMN CCXCVI. S. M.

1 FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true;
Thou wilt my guilty ſoul forgive,
My fallen ſoul renew.

2 Come then for Jeſu's ſake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my ſin.

3 I cannot waſh my heart,
But by believing thee:
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The ſpotleſs purity.

4 While at thy croſs I lie,
Jeſu, the grace beſtow:
Now thy all-cleanſing blood apply,
And I am white as ſnow.

HYMN CCXCVII. C. M.

1 I ASK the gift of right'ouſneſs,
The ſin-ſubduing pow'r;
Pow'r to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 My veh'ment ſoul cries out oppreſs'd,
Impatient to be freed!
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I reſt,
Till I am ſav'd indeed.

3 Art thou not able to convert?
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old, rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?

HYMN CCXCVIII.

1 WHile ſhepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All ſeated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory ſhone around.

2 "Fear not," ſaid he (for mighty dread
Had ſeiz'd their troubled mind;)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you and all mankind.

3 "To you in David's town this day
"Is born of David's line,
"The Saviour who is Chriſt the Lord;
"And this ſhall be the ſign;

4 "The heav'nly babe you there ſhall find
"To human view diſplay'd,
"All meanly wrapp'd in ſwathing bands,
"And in a manger laid."

5 Thus ſpake the ſeraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a ſhining throng
Of angels, praiſing God on high,
Addreſs'd their joyful ſong:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
"And to the earth be peace;
"Good-will henceforth, from heav'n to men,
"Begin and never ceaſe."

HYMN CCXCIX.

1 LOVING Jeſus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am,
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyſelf within my heart.

2 I ſhall then ſhew forth thy praiſe,
Serve thee all my happy days:
Then the world ſhall always ſee
Chriſt, the holy child, in me.

HYMN CCC.

1 O THOU, who comeſt from above!
The pure celeſtial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of ſacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart!

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguiſhable blaze,
And trembling to its ſource return,
In humble love and fervent praiſe.

3 Jeſu, confirm my heart's deſire,
To work, and ſpeak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And ſtill ſtir up thy gift in me:

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat;
Till death thy endleſs mercies ſeal,
And make the ſacrifice complete.

FINIS.

CONTENTS.

	Page
AWAKENING and inviting	5
Penitential	22
Petition	43
Rejoicing	123
Praiſe	143
Truſting in Providence	158
Suffering	170
Funeral	174
Fellowſhip	180
Backſliding	202
Nativity	208
New-Year	211
Good-Friday	213
Praiſe	215
Morning and Evening	217
Sacramental	219
Parting	257
Chriſtmas Hymn	2[illegible]5
Baptiſm	2[illegible]6
Claſs-Meeting	2[illegible]8

Joseph Stacy
Joseph